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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Misfortunes of Arthur

BY

THOMAS HUGHES AND OTHERS

1587

Date of the first known edition, ... 1587.

(*B.M. C. 34, b. 3.*)

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Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

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Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

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The title-page, the introductory lines, and the notice on title-sheet 4 verso, give sundry items of information as to the circumstances of production and publication, especially with reference to "cancels." One of the latter, in the B.M. binding of the work, has been so left as to fold back, showing the original lines; and, when in place, the revised reading (see B 4 recto and the duplicate page at end of this facsimile).

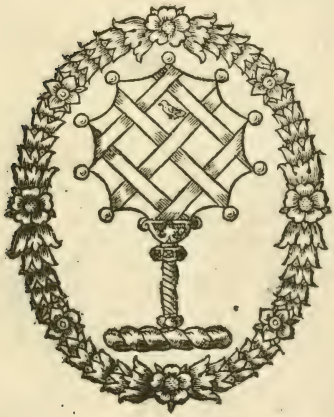
Hughes was assisted by seven others—William Fulbecke with two speeches; Nicholas Trotte with an introduction; Francis Flower with the Choruses in Acts I. and II.; Christopher Yelverton, Francis Bacon, and John Lancaster (who superintended the Dumb Shows) and M. Penroodocke (who directed the representation).

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscripts Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original, says: "Many pages are first-rate, and the whole is good. . . . I suppose the extremely minute type makes a difficulty, the slightest excess producing so much more effect than in type of ordinary size."

JOHN S. FARMER.

CERTAINE DE-

u. es and ſhewes preſented to her MAIESTIE by the Gentlemen of *Grayes-Inne* at her Highneſſe Court in Greenewich, *the twenty eighth day of* Februarie in the thirtieth yeare of her MAIESTIES moſt happy Raigne.



AT LONDON
Printed by Robert Robinſon.
1587.

AN INTRODVCTI-
on penned by Nicholas Trotte

Gentleman one of the ſociety of Grayes-Inne; *which* was pronounced in manner following, *viz.* Three *Muſes came vpon the Stage apparelled accordingly* bringing fiue Gentlemen Students with them attyred in their vſuall garments, whom one of the *Muſes* preſen-*ted to her* MAIESTIE *as Captiues; the cauſe whereof ſhe deliuered by ſpeach as followeth.*

OF Conqueſt (gratious Queene) the ſigns & fruits,
Atchiu'd gainſt ſuch, as wrongfully withheld
The ſeruice by choice wits to *Muſes* due;
In humbliest wiſe, theſe Captiues we preſent.
And leaſt your highnes might ſuſpect the gift
As ſpoile of Warre, that Iuſtice might impeach;
Heare and diſcerne how iuſt our quarrell was
Auowed (as you ſee) by good ſucceſſe.
A Dame there is, whom men *Aſtrea* terme,
Shee that pronounceth Oracles of Lawes,
Who to prepare fit ſeruants for her traine
As by Commiſſion takes vp flowring wits,
Whom firſt ſhe ſchooleth to forget and ſcorne
The noble skils of language and of Arts,
The wiſedome, which diſcourſe of ſtories teach,
The ornaments which various knowledge yeelds;
But Poeſie ſhe hath in moſt diſdaine,
And Marſhals it next Follyes ſcorned place.
Then, when ſhe hath theſe worthy Prints defac'd
Out of the mindes that can endure her hand,
What doth ſhe then ſupplie in ſteede of theſe?
Forſooth ſome olde reports of altered lawes,
Clamors of Courts, and cauils vpon words,

Grounds

Grounds without ground, ſupported by conceit,
And reaſons of more ſubtiltie then ſenſe,
What ſhall I ſay of Moote points ſtraunge, and doubts
Still argued but neuer yet agreed?
And ſhee, that doth deride the Poets lawe,
Becauſe he muſt his words in order place,
Forgets her formes of pleading more preciſe,
More bound to words then is the Poets lore:
And for theſe fine conceits ſhe fitly choſe,
A tongue that Barbariſme it ſelfe doth vſe.
We noting all theſe wrongs did long expect
There hard condition would haue made them wiſe,
To offer vs their ſeruiſe plac'd ſo ill;
But finding them addicted to their choyce,
And ſpecially deſirous to preſent
Your Maieſtie with fruits of Prouince newe,
Now did reſolue to double force and skill,
And found and vſde the vantage of the time,
Surpriſde their fort, and tooke them Captiues all.
So now ſubmiſſe, as to their ſtate belongs
They gladly yeelde their homage long withdrawne,
And Poetry which they did moſt contemne
They glory now her fauours for to weare.
My ſiſters laught to ſee them take the penne,
And loſe their wits all in vnwoonted walkes.
But to your highnes that delight we leaue,
To ſee theſe Poets newe their Stile aduaunce.
Such as they are, or naught or litle worth,
Deigne to accept, and therewith we beſeech,
That nouelty giue price to worthleſſe things.

¶ Vnto this ſpeach one of the Gentlemen anſwered as followeth.

GOOD Ladies vnacquaint with cunning reach,
And eaſily led to glory in your powre,
Heare now abaſht our late diſſembled mindes,

Not

Not now the firſt time as your ſelues beſt knowe.
Ye Muſes ſought our ſeruice to commaund,
Oft haue ye wandred from Pernaſſus hill,
And ſhewed your ſelues with ſweet & tempting grace,
But yet returnd your traine encreaſde with fewe,
This reſolution doth continue ſtill.
Vnto *Aſtreas* name we honour beare,
Whoſe ſound perfections we doe more admire,
Then all the vanted ſtore of Muſes guifts.
Let this be one (which laſt you put in vre,
In well deprauing that deſerueth praiſe)
No eloquence, diſguiſing reaſons ſhape,
Nor Poetrie, each vaine affections nurce,
No various hiſtorie that doth leade the minde
Abroad to auncient tales from inſtant vſe,
Nor theſe, nor other moe, too long to note,
Can winne *Aſtreas* ſeruants to remoue
Their ſeruice, once deuote to better things.
They with attentiue mindes and ſerious wits,
Reuolue records of deepe Iudiciall Acts,
They waigh with ſteaddy and indifferent hand
Each word of lawe, each circumſtance of right,
They hold the grounds which time & vſe hath ſooth'd
(Though ſhallow ſenſe conceiue them as conceits)
Preſumptuous ſenſe, whoſe ignorance dare iudge
Of things remou'd by reaſon from her reach.
One doubt in mootes by argument encreaſc'd
Cleares many doubts, experience doth obiect.
The language ſhe firſt choſe, and ſtill retaines,
Exhibites naked truth in apteſt termes.
Our Induſtrie maintaineth vnimpeach't
Prerogatiue of Prince, reſpect to Peeres,
The Commons libertie, and each mans right:
Suppreſſeth mutin force, and practicke fraude.

Things,

Things that for worth our ſtudious care deſerue,
Yet neuer did we baniſh nor reiect
Thoſe ornaments of knowledge nor of toungs,
That ſlander enuious ignorance did raiſe.
With Muſes ſtill we entercourſe allowe,
T'enrich our ſtate with all there forreine fraight:
But neuer homage nor acknowledgement
Such as of Subiects alleageance doth require.
Now heere the cauſe of your late Conqueſt wonne
We had diſcouered your intent to be
(And ſure ye Ladies are not ſecrete all
Speach and not ſilence is the Muſes grace)
We well perceiu'd (I ſay) your minde to be
T'imploy ſuch priſoners, as themſelues did yeeld
To ſerue a Queene, for whom her pureſt gold
Nature refind, that ſhe might therein ſette
Both priuate and imperiall vertues all.
Thus (Soueraigne Lady of our lawes and vs)
Zeale may tranſforme vs into any ſhape.
We, which with trembling hand the penne did guide
Neuer well pleaſde all for deſire to pleaſe
For ſtill your rare perfections did occurre
VVhich are admir'd of Muſes and of men
Oh with howe ſteddie hand and heart aſſur'd
Should we take vp the warlicke Lance or Sword
VVith minde reſolu'd to ſpend our loyall blood
Your leaſt commaund with ſpeede to execute.
O that before our time the fleeting ſhippe,
Ne'r wandred had in watery wildernes,
That we might firſt that venture vndertake
In ſtrange attempt t'approue our loyall hearts.
Be it Souldiers, Seamen, Poets, or what els.
In ſeruice once inioynd, to ready mindes
Our want of vſe ſhould our deuoyer encreaſe.

Now

Now ſincein ſteade of art we bring but zeale,
In ſteade of prayſe we humbly pardon craue.
The matter which we purpoſe to preſent,
Since ſtreights of time our liberty controwles
In tragike note the plagues of vice recounts.
How ſutes a Tragedie for ſuch a time?
Thus. For that ſince your ſacred Maieſtie
In gratious hands the regall Scepter held
All Tragedies are fled from State, to ſtadge.

Nicholas Trotte.

The misfortunes of Arthur (Vther Pendragons Sonne) reduced into Tragicall notes by THOMAS HVGHES one of the ſocietie of Grayes-Inne. And here ſet downe as it paſt from vnder his handes and as it was preſented, excepting certaine wordes and lines, where ſome of the Actors either helped their memories by brief omiſſion: or fitted their acting by ſome alteration. With a note in the ende, of ſuch ſpeaches as were penned by others in lue of ſome of theſe hereafter following.

The argument of the *Tragedie.*

A T a banquet made by *Vther Pendragon* for the ſolemniſing of his conqueſt againſt the *Saxons*, he fell inamoured with *Igerna* wife to *Gorlois* Duke of *Cornwell*. Who perceiuing the Kings paſſion, departed with his wife and prepared warres at *Cornwell*, where alſo in a ſtrong holde beyond him hee placed her Then the King leuied an armye to ſuppreſſe him, but waxing impatient of his deſire to *Igerna*, tranſformed himſelfe by *Merlin* his cunning, into the likeneſſe of *Gorlois*, And after his acceptance with *Igerna* he returned to his ſiedge, where he ſlew *Gorlois*. *Igerna* was deliuered of *Arthur* and *Anne* twins of the ſame birth. *Vther Pendragon* 15. yeres after purſuing the *Saxons* was by them poyſoned. *Arthur* delighted in his ſiſter *Anne*, who made him father of *Mordred*. Seuenteene yeres after *Lucius Tiberius* of *Rome* demanded a tribute due by the conqueſt of *Cæſar*. *Arthur* gathered the powers of 13. Kinges beſides his owne, and leauing his Queene Guenuora in the tuition of *Mordred*, to whome likewiſe he committed the kingdome in his abſence, arriued at *Fraunce*, where after 9. yeares warres, he ſent the ſlaine bodie of *Tiberius* vnto *Rome* for the tribute. During this abſence *Mordred* grew ambicious, for th'effecting whereof he made loue to *Guenuora*, who gaue eare vnto him. Then by th'aſſiſtance of *Gilla* a *Britiſh* Lord hee vſurped, and for maintenance entertayned with large promiſes, the *Saxons*, *Iriſh*, *Pictes*, & *Normandes*. *Guenuora* hearing that *Arthur* was alreadie embarked for returne, through diſpaire purpoſing diuerſly, ſometimes to kill her husband, ſometimes to kill her ſelfe, at laſt reſolued to enter into religion. *Arthur* at his landing was reſiſted on the ſtronds of *Douer*, where he put *Mordred* to flight. The laſt fielde was fought at *Cornwell*, where after the death of one hundred and tweentie thouſand ſauing on either ſide 20, *Mordred* receiued his death, and *Arthur* his deadly wound.

¶ *The Argument and manner of the* firſt dumbe ſhewe.

SOunding the muſicke, there roſe three furies from vnder the ſtage apparelled accordingly with ſnakes and flames about their blacke haires and garments. The firſt with a Snake in the right hande and a cup of wine with a Snake athwart the cup in the left hand, The ſecond with a firebrand in the right hande, and a Cupid in the left: The thirde with a whippe in the right hande and a Pægaſus in the left. Whiles they went masking about the ſtage, there came from another place three Nunnes which walked by them ſelues. Then after a full ſight giuen to the beholders, they all parted, the furies to Mordreds *houſe, the* Nuns *to the Cloiſter. By the firſt furie with the Snake and Cup was ſignified the* Banquet *of* Vther Pendragon, *and afterward his death which inſued by poyſoned cup. The ſecond furie with her firebrande &* Cupid *repreſented* Vthers *vnlawfull heate and loue conceyued at the banquet, which neuer ceaſed in his poſteritie. By the third with her whip and* Pægaſus *was preſigured the crueltie and ambition which thence inſued and continued to th'effecting of this tragidie. By the* Nuns *was ſignified the remorſe and diſpaire of* Guenuora, *that wanting other hope tooke a Nunrie for her refuge. After their departure, the ſame which repreſented the* Chorus *tooke their places.*

The argument of the first Act.

1 IN the first scene the spirit of **Gorlois** Duke of Cornwell, the man first & most wronged in this historie being dispoild both of Wife, Dukedome and life craueth reuenge for these iniuries, denouncing the whole misfortune insuing.

2 In the second scene, **Gueneuora** hearing that **Arthur** was on Seas returning, desperately manaceth his death, from which intent she is disswaded by **Fronia**, a Lady of her Court & priuie to her secretes.

3 In the third scene **Gueneuora** perplexedly mindeth her owne death, whence being disswaded by her sister she resolueth to enter into Religion.

4 In the fourth scene **Mordred** goeth about to perswade **Gueneuora** to persist in her loue, but misseth thereof: And then is exhorted by **Conan** (a noble mã of **Brytain**) to reconcile himselfe to his Father at his comming, but refuseth so to doe and resolueth to keepe him from landing by battaile.

The names of the speakers.

Gorlois Duke of Cornwalls ghost.
Gueneuora the Quæne.
Fronia a Lady of her traine.
Angharad sister to the Quæne.
Mordred the Usurper.
Conan a faithfull counseller.
Nuntius of Arthurs landing.
The Herald from Arthur.
Gawin King of Albanie.
Gilla: a Brytishe Earle.
Gillanor King of Ireland.
Cheldrich Duke of Saxonie.
The Lorde of the Pictes.
Arthur King of great Brytain.
Cador Duke of Cornwall.
Hoel King of little Brittaine.
The Herald from Mordred.
Aschillus King of Denmarke.
The King of Norwaye.
A number of Souldiers.
Nuntius of the last battell.
Gildas a noble man of Brytain.

CHORVS.

THE FIRST ACT and first ſcene.

Gorlois.

GORL: SInce thus through channells blacke of Limbo lake,
And deepe infernall floude of Stygian poole,
The gaſtly Caron's boate tranſpoſted backe
Thy ghoſt, from Pluto's pittes and glomming ſhades,
To former light once loſt by Deſtnies doome:
Where proude Pendragon broyde with ſhamefull luſt,
Diſpoyde thee erſt of wife, of lande, and life:
Nowe (Gorlois) worke thy wiſh, caſt here thy gaule,
Glutte on reuenge: thy wrath abhorrs delayes.
What though (beſides Pendragons poyſoned end)
The vile reproch he wrought thee by thy phere,
Through deepe increaſe of crymes alike in plagude?
And that the ſtame thou ſuffredſt for his luſts,
Reboundeth backe, and ſtikeleth in his ſtocke?
Yet is not miſchiefe's meaſure all fulfilde,
Nor wreake ſufficient wrought: Thy murthered coſſe
And Dukedome reft, for heanier vengeance cries.
Come therefore blomes of ſetled miſchiefes roote,
Come ech thing elſe, what furie can inuent,
Wreake all at once, infect the ayre with plagues,
Till bad to woiſe, till woiſe to woiſt be turnde.
Let miſchiefes know no meane, nor plagues an end.
Let th'offſpings ſinne exceede the former ſtocke:
Let none haue time to hate his former fault,
But ſtill with freſh ſupplie let puniſht crime
Increaſe, till tyme it make a complet ſinne.
Goe to: ſome fact, which no age ſhall allowe,
Nor yet conceale: ſome fact muſt needes be darde,
That for the horror great and outrage fell
Thereof, may well beleeme Pendragons bloods.
And firſt, whiles Arthurs nauies homewards ſtott
Triumphantly bedeckt with Romaine ſpoyles:
Let Guenouer expreſſe what frantick mooes
Diſtract a wife, when wronging wedlockes rights,
Both fonde and fell, ſhe loues and loathes at once.
Let deepe diſpaire purſue, till loathing life
Her hatefull heade in cowle and cloiſter lurke.
Let traiterous Mordred keepe his ſire from ſhoare.
Let Brytraine reſt a pray for forreine powers,
Let ſwoorde and fire ſtill feedde with mutuall ſtrife
Tourne all the Kings to ghoaſtes, let ciuill warres
And diſcorde ſwell till all the realme be tome.
Euen in that ſoyle whereof my ſelfe was Duke,
Where firſt my ſpowſe Igerna brake her vowe,
Where this vngracious offſpring was begotte,
In Cornwell, there, let Mordreds death declare,

Let Arthurs fatall woundz bewray the wrong,
The murther vile, the rape of wife and weale,
Wherewith their sire incenst both Gods and man:
Thus, thus Pendragons seede so sowne and reapte,
Thus curlen imps, ill borne, and worse consum'd,
Shall render iust reuenge for parents crimes,
And pevance due t'allswadge my swelling wrath.
The whiles O Calliopæa gempzight signe,
Host sacred sight, and sweete Coelestiall starre,
This Clymat's ioy, plac'd in imperiall throne
With fragrant Olive branche portending peace:
And whosoe'r besides ye heauenly pow'rs
(Her stately traine with influence diuine,
And milde aspect all prone to Brittaines good)
Forsee what present plagues doe threate this Ilse:
Preuent not this my wreake. For you their rest's
A happier age a thousand yeares to come:
An age for peace, religion, wealth, and ease,
When all the world shall wonder at your blisse:
That, that is yours. Leaue this to Gorlois ghoast.
And see where com's one engine of my hate.
With moods and manners fit for my reuenge. Exit.

The second scene.

Gneneuora, Fronia.

GVEN. AND dares he after nine yeares space returne,
And see her face, whom he so long disdain'd?
Alas I then chose and wedded for his stale,
To looke and gape for his retireless sayles,
Puft backe, and flitt'ring spread to euery winde?
O wrong content with no reuenge: seeke out
Vndared plagues, teach Mordred how to rage.
Attempt some bloodie, dreadfull, irkesome fact,
And such as Mordred would were rather his.
Why stayest? it must be done: let bridle goe,
Frame out some trap beyonde all vulgar guile,
Beyonde Medea's wiles: attempt some fact,
That any wight vnwildie of her selfe,
That any spouse vnfaithfull to her phere,
Durst euer attempt in most dispaire of weale.
Spare no reuenge, b'it poyson, knyfe, or fire.

FRON. Good Madame, temper these outragious moodes,
And let not will vsurpe, where wit should rule.

GVEN. The wrath, that breatheth bloode, doth loath to lurke.
What reason most with holdes, rage wringes perforce.
I am disdaine: so will I not be long:
That very houre, that he shall first arriue,
Shall be the last, that shall aforde him life.
Though, neither seas, nor lands, nor warres abrode
Sufficed

Sufficed for thy foyle: yet shalt thou finde
Farre woorse at home: Thy deepe displeased spowse.
What e'r thou hast subdude in all thy stay,
This hand shall nowe subdue: then stay thy fill.
What's this? my mind recoyls, and yrkes these threats:
Anger delayes, my griefe gynnes to asswage,
My furie faintes, and sacred wedlockes faith
Presents it selfe. Why shunst thou fearefull wrath?
Add coales a freshe, preserue me to this venge.
At lest eyple thy selfe to realmes vnknowen,
And steale his wealth to helpe thy banisht state,
For flight is best. O base and hartlesse feare.
Theft? eyple? flight? all these may Fortune lende
Vnsought: but thee becomes more high revenge.
Come spitefull fiends, come heapes of furies fell,
Not one, by one, but all at once: my breast
Raues not inough: it likes me to be filde
With greater monsters yet. My hart doth throbbe:
My liuer boyles: some what my minde portendes,
Uncertayne what: but whatsoever it's huge.
So it excede, be what it will: it's well.
Omit no plague, and none will be inough.
Wrong cannot be reueng'd, but by excesse.

FRON. O spare this heate: you weelde too much to rage,
P'are too vniust: is there no meane in wrong?

GVEN. Wrong claymes a meane, when first you offer wronge,
The meane is vaine, when wrong is in reuenge.
Great harmes cannot be hidde, the griefe is small,
That can receaue adwise, or rule it selfe.

FRON. Hatred concealde doth often happe to hurte,
But once profest, it oftner failes reuenge.
How better tho, wert to represse your yre?
A Ladies best reuenge is to forgiue.
What meane is in your hate? how much soe'r
You can inuent, or dare: so much you hate.

GVEN. And would you knowe what meane there is in hate?
Call loue to minde, and see what meane is there.
My loue, redoubled loue, and constant faith
Engaged vnto Mordred wrokes so deepe:
That both my hart and marrow quite be burnt,
And synewes dried with force of wontlesse flames,
Desire to ioy him still, torments my mynde:
Feare of his want doth add a double griefe.
Loe here the loue, that stirres this meaneleſſe hate.

FRON. Eschew it farre: such loue impugnes the lawes.

GVEN. Vnlawfull loue doth like, when lawfull lothes.

FRON. And is your loue of hul bande quite extinct?

GVEN. The greater flame must needes delay the lesse.
Besides, his sore reuenge I greatly feare.

FRON. How can you then attempt a fresh offence?

GVEN. Who can appoint a stint to her offence?

FRON. But here the greatneſſe of the fact ſhould moue.
GVEN. The greater it, the fitter for my griefe:
FRON. To kill your ſpowſe? GVEN. A ſtranger, and a foe.
FRON. Your liedge and king? GVEN. He wants both Realme and Crowne.
FRON. Nature affoordes not to your ſexe ſuch ſtrength.
GVEN. Loue, anguiſh, wrath, will ſoone affoorde inough.
FRON. What rage is this? GVEN. Such as humſelfe ſhall rue.
FRON. Whom Gods doe preſſe inough, will you annoy?
GVEN. Whom Gods doe preſſe, they bende: whom man annoyes,
He breakes. FRON. Your griefe is more then his deſerte:
Ech fault requires an equall hate: be not ſeuere,
Where crimes be light: as you haue felt, ſo greeue.
GVEN. And ſeemes it light to want him nine yeare ſpace?
Then to be ſpoild of one I hold more deare?
Thinke all to much, b'it ne'r ſo iuſt, that feedes
Continuall griefe: the laſting woe is woſt.
FRON. Yet let your highneſſe ſhun theſe deſperate moodes,
Caſt of this rage, and fell diſpoſed minde.
Put not ſhame quite to flight, haue ſome regard
Both of your ſex, and future fame of life.
Vſe no ſuch cruell thoughts, as farre exceede
A manly minde, much more a womans hart.
GVEN. Well: ſhame is not ſo quite extide, but that
I can, and will reſpect your ſage aduiſe.
Your Counſell I accept, giue leaue a while,
Till fiery wrath may ſlake, and rage relent. Exit FRON.

The third ſcene.

Gueneuora. Angharat.

GVEN. THy Eloue, that for his rage will not be rulde,
Muſt be reſtrainde: ſame ſhall receiue no foile.
Let Arthur liue, whereof to make him ſure,
My ſelfe will dye, and ſo preuent his harmes.
Why ſtayeſt thou thus amazde O ſlouthfull wrath?
Miſchiefe is meant, diſpatch it on thy ſelfe.
ANGH. Her hreaſt not yet appeaſde from former rage
Hath chaungde her wrath, which wanting meanes to worke
An others woe, (for ſuch as furies woont,)
Seekes out his owne, and raues vpon it ſelfe.
Allwage (alas) that ouer feruent ire,
Though to much anger, you offend too much:
Thereby the rather you deſerue to liue,
For ſeeming worthy in your ſelfe to dye.
GVEN. Death is decreed: what kinde of death, I doubt:
Whether to dround, or ſtifill vp his breath.
Or ſeeing blood, to dye with dint of knife.
All hope of proſperous hap is gone, my fame,
My faith, my ſpouſe: no good is left vnloſt:
My ſelfe am left, ther'e left both feas and lands,

And

And ſword, and fire, and chaines, and choice of harmes.
O gnawing eaſeleſſe griefe. Who now can heale
My maymed minde? it muſt be healde by death.
ANGH. No miſchiefe muſt be done, whiles I be by,
Or if there muſt, there muſt be moze then one.
If death it be you ſeeke, I ſeeke, it too:
Alone you may not die, with me you may.
GVEN. They, that will driue th'unwilling to their death,
Or fruſtrate death in thoſe, that faine would die,
Offend alike. They ſpoile, that bootleſſe ſpare.
ANGH. But will my teares and mournings moue you nought?
GVEN. Then is it beſt to die, when friends doe mourne.
ANGH. Ech where is death: that, fates haue well ordainde,
That ech man may bereaue himſelfe of life,
But none of death: death is ſo ſure a doome:
A thouſand wayes doe guilde vs to our graues.
Who then can euer come too late to that,
Whence, when h'is come, he neuer can returne?
Or what anailes to haſten on our ends,
And long for that, which deſtenies haue ſworne?
Looke backe in time, to late is to repent,
When furious rage hath once cut off the choice.
GVEN. Death is an end of paine: no paine it ſelfe.
Ile't meete a plague, for ſuch exceſſiue wyong,
Should be ſo ſhort? Sooulde one ſtroke anſwere all?
And wouldſt thou dye? Well: that contents the lawes,
What then for Arthurs ire? What for thy fame,
Which thou haſt ſtainde? What for thy ſtocke thou ſhamſt?
Not death, nor life alone can glue a full
Reuenge: ioyne both in one. Die: and yet liue.
Where paine may not be oft, let it be long.
Seeke out ſome lingring death, whereby, thy coſſe
May neither touch the dead, nor ioy the quicke.
Dye: but no common death: paſſe Natures boundes.
ANGH. Set plaintes aſide, deſpaire yeelds no reliefe.
The moze you ſearch a wounde, the moze it ſtings.
GVEN. When guiltie mindes torment them ſelues, they heale:
Whiles woundes be curd, griefe is a ſalue for griefe.
ANGH. Griefe is no iuſt eſtremer of our deedes:
What ſo hath yet beene done, proceedes from chaunce.
GVEN. The minde, and not the chaunce, doth make th'vnchaſt,
ANGH. Then is your fault from Fate, you reſt excuſde:
None can be deemed faultie for her Fate.
GVEN. No Fate, but manners fayle, when we offende.
Impute miſhaps to Fates, to manners faultes.
ANGH. Loue is an error, that may blinde the beſt.
GVEN. A mightie error oft hath ſeemde a ſinne.
My death is vowed, and death muſt needes take place.
But ſuch a death, as ſtandes with iuſt remorſe:
Death, to the worlde, and to her ſlipperie ioyes:
A full diuorce from all this Courtly pompe.

Where

Where dayly penaunce done for each offence,
May render due reuenge for euery wrong.
Which to accomplish: pray my dearest friends,
That they forthwith attyde in saddest guise,
Conduct me to the Cloister next hereby,
There to professe, and to renounce the world.

ANGH. Alas! What chaunge were that, from Kingly roffes
To Cloistered celles? To liue, and die at once?
To want your stately troupes, your friends and kinne?
To shun the shewes and sights of stately Court.
To see in sort aliue, your Countries death?
Yea, what so'er euen Death it selfe withdrawes
From any els, that life with drawes from you.
Yet since your highnes is so fully bent,
I will obay, the whiles allwage your griefe Exit.

The fourth scene.

Mordred. Gueneuora. Conan.

MORD. THy houre which earst I allwaies feared most,
The certaine ruine of my desperate state,
Is happened now: why turnst thou (minde) thy backe?
Why at the first assault dost thou recoile?
Trust to't: the angry Heauens contriue some spight,
And dreadfull doome, t'augment thy curssed hap.
Oppose to ech reuenge thy guiltie heade,
And shun no paine nor plague fit for thy fact.
What shouldst thou feare, that seest not what to hope?
No danger's left before, all's at thy backe.
He safely stands, that stands beyond his harmes.
Thyne (death) is all, that East, or West can see,
For thee we liue, our comming is not long,
Spare vs, but whiles we may prepare our graues,
Though thou wert slowe, we hasten of our selues.
The houre that gaue, did also take our lines:
No sooner men, then mortall were we borne.
I see mine end drawes on, I feele my plagues.

GVEN. No plague for one ill borne, to dye as ill.

MORD. O Queene! my sweete associate in this plunge,
And desperate plight, beholde, the time is come,
That either iustifies our former faultes,
Or shortly sets vs free from euery feare.

GVEN. My feare is past, and wedlock loue hath wonne.
Retire we thither yet, whence first we ought
Not to haue stird. Call backe chast faith againe.
The way, that leads to good, is ne'r to late:
Who so repents, is guiltlesse of his crimes.

MORD. What meanes this course? Is Arthurs wedlocke safe?
Or can he loue, that hath iust cause to hate?
That nothing else were to be feard:

Is moſt apparant, that he hates at home,
What e're he be, whoſe fanſie ſtrayes abroad?
Thinke then, our loue is not vnknowen to him:
Wherefof what patience can be ſafely hopte?
Nor loue, nor louer-alignette can beare a peere.

GVEN. Why doſt thou ſtill ſtirre vp my flames delayde?
His ſtrayes and errors muſt not moue my minde.
A law for priuate men binders not the King.
What, that I ought not to condemne my liedge,
Nor can, thus guiltie to myne owne offence?
Where both haue done amiſſe, both will relent.
He will forgiue, that neèdes muſt be forgiuen.

MORD. A likely thing: your faults muſt make you friends:
What lets you both at odds, muſt ioine you both:
Thinke well he caſts already for reuenge,
And how to plague vs both. I know his law,
A Iudge ſeuere to vs, milde to himſelfe.
What then auailes you to returne to late,
When you haue paſt to farre? Poulcède vaine hopes.

GVEN. The further paſt, the more this fault is yours:
Ie ſeru'd your turne, t'vſurpe your fathers Crowne.
His is the crime, whom crime ſtands moſt in ſtæde.

MORD. They, that conſpire in faults offend a like:
Crime makes them equall, whom it iointly ſtaines.
If for my ſake you then pertooke my guilt,
You cannot guiltleſſe ſeeme, the crime was ioint.

GVEN. Well ſhould ſhe ſeeme moſt guiltleſſe vnto thee,
Whate're ſhe be, that's guiltie for thy ſake.
The remnant of that ſober minde, which thou
Hadſt heretofore nere vanquiſht, yet reſiſts.
Suppreſſe for ſhame that impious mouth ſo taught,
And to much child abuſe the wedded bed.
Looke backe to former Fates: Troy ſtill had ſtoode,
Had not her Prince made light of wedlocks loze.
The vice, that threw downe Troy, doth threat thy Throne:
Take heede there Mordred ſtands, whence Paris fell. Exit.

CONA. Since that your highnes knowes for certaine truth
What power your ſire prepares to claime his right:
It nerely now concernes you to reſolue
In humbleſt ſort to reconcile your ſelfe
Gainſt his returne: MORD. will warre. CONA. that lies in chaunce.

MORD. I haue as great a ſhare in chaunce, as he.
CONA. His waies be blinde, that maketh chaunce his guide.
MORD. Whoſe refuge lies in Chance, what dares he not?
CONA. Warres were a crime farre worſe then all the reſt.
MORD. The ſafeſt paſſage is from bad to worſe.
CONA. That were to paſſe too farre, and put no meane.
MORD. He is a foole, that puts a meane in crimes.
CONA. But ſword and fire would cauſe a common wound.
MORD. So ſword and fire will often ſcare the ſoare.

CONA. Extremeſt euiles muſt not be vſed firſt.
MORD. In deſperate times, the headlong way is beſt.
CONA. P'haue many foes. MORD. No more then faythfull friends.
CONA. Truſt to't, their faith will faint, where Fortune failes.
Where many men pretend a loue to one,
Whoſe power may doe what good, and harme he will:
T'is hard to ſay, which be his faithfull friends.
Dame Flatterie flitteth oft the loues and yates
With time, a preſent friend an abſent foe.
But yet v'll hope the beſt: Euen then you feare.
The worſt. Feares follow hopes, as fumes doe flames.
Mischiefe is ſometimes ſafe: but ne're ſecure:
The wrongfull Scepter's held with trembling hand.
MORD. Whole ſide wants right, his ſafety's in his Sword.
For Sword and Scepter comes to Kings at once.
CONA. The Kingliest points is to affect but right,
MORD. Weake is the Scepters hold, that ſeekes but right,
The care whereof hath danger'd many Crowones.
As much as water differeth from the fire,
So much man's profit iarres from what is iuſt.
A free recourſe to wrong doth oft ſecure
The doubtfull ſeate, and plucks downe many a foe.
The Sword muſt ſeldome ceaſe: a Soueraignes hand
Is ſcantly ſafe, but whiles it ſmites. Let him
Vſurpe no Crowne, that likes a guiltles life:
Claiming power and Iuſtice field agree.
He alwaies feares, that ſhames to offer wrong.
CONA. What ſonne would vſe ſuch wrong againſt his ſire?
MORD. Come ſonne, come ſire, I firſt preferre my ſelfe.
And ſince a wrong muſt be, then it excels,
When t'is to gaine a Crowne. I hate a peere,
I loath, I pike, I doe deteſt a head.
B'it Nature, be it Reaſon, be it Pride,
I loue to rule: my minde not with, nor by,
Nor after any clamnes, but chiefe and firſt.
CONA. Yet thinke what fame and greteuous bruits would runne
Of ſuch diſloyall and vniuſt attempts.
MORD. Fame goe's not with our Ghoſts, the ſenſeleſſe ſoule
Once gone, neglects what vulgar bruite reports.
She is both light and vaine. CONAN. She noteth though.
She feareth States. CONAN. She carpeth ne're the leſſe.
MORD. She's ſoone ſuppreſt. CONAN. As ſoone ſhe ſpringes againe,
MORD. Toungs are vntamde: and Fame is Enuies Dogge,
That ablest barckes, and preſent fawnes as faſt.
It fearing dares, and yet hath neuer done,
But dares: though Death redeēme vs from all foes
Beſides, yet Death redeēmes vs not from Toungs.
Ere Arthur land, the Sea ſhall bluſh with blood.
And all the Stronds with ſmoaking ſlaughters reeke.
Now (Mars) protect me in my firſt attempt.
If Mordred ſcape, this Realme ſhall want no warres.
Exeunt. CHORVS.

CHORVS.

1 See here the vilits of Gorlois Cornish Duke,
And marke his desire to shake his Soueraigne: Throne:
How soule his fall, how bitter his rebuke,
Whiles wife, and weale, and life, and all be gone:
He now in hell tormented wants that good:
Lo, lo the end of trayterous bones and blood.

2 Pendragon burnde with flames of filthy fires,
By Merlins mists into the Igerna's bed,
Next spoiles Gorlois doubting his desires,
Then was himselfe through force of poylon sped.
Who sowes in sinne, in sinne shall reape his paine:
The Doome is sworne: Death guerdon's death againe.

3 Whiles Arthur warres abroade and reapes renowne,
Gueneuora preferres his sonnes desire.
And trayterous Mordred still blurres the Crowne,
Affording fuell to her quenchlesse fire.
But Death's too good, and life too sweete for theale,
That wanting both, should talk of neithers eale.

4 In Rome the gaping guilfe would not decreale,
Till Curtius coste had clode her yawning sawes:
In Thebe's the Rotte and Furreine would not ceale,
Till Laius bloode had paide for breach of lawes:
In Brytain warres and discord will not stent:
Till Vther's line and offspring quite be spent.

The Argument of the second Act.

1 IN the first Scene a Nuntio declareth the succesſe of Arthur warres in France, and Mordred's foile that reſiſted his landing.

2 In the ſecond Scene Mordred enraged at the ouerthrow, vowe eth a ſecond battaile, notwithſtanding Conan's diſſwaſion to the contrarie.

3 In the third Scene Gawin (brother to Mordred by the mother) with an Heralt from Arthur to imparle of peace, but after ſome debate thereof peace is reiected.

4 In the fourth Scene the King of Ireland &other forrein Princes aſſure Mordred of their aſſiſtance againſt Arthur.

The Argument and manner of the ſecond dumbe ſhewe.

WHILES the Muſicke ſounded there came out of *Mordred's* houſe a man ſtately attyred repreſenting a King, who walking once about the Stage. Then out of the houſe appointed for *Arthur*, there came three *Nymphes* apparailed accordingly, the firſt holding a *Cornucopia* in her hand, the ſecond a golden braunch of Olive, the third a ſheaffe of *Corne*. Theſe order one after another offered theſe preſents to the King who ſeemefully refuſed

After the which there came a man bareheaded, with blacke long shagged haire downe to his shoulders, apparailed with an Irish iacket and shirt, hauing an Irish dagger by his side and a dart in his hand. Who first with a threatning countenance looking about; and then spying the King; did furiously chase and driue him into *Mordreds* house. The King represented *Mordred*. The three *Nymphes* with their proffers the treatice of peace, for the which *Arthur* sent *Gawin* with an Herault vnto *Mordred* who reiected it: The Irish man signified Reuenge and Furie which *Mordred* conceiued after his follie on the Shoares, whereunto *Mordred* headlong yeeldeth himselfe.

THE SECOND act and first Scene.

Nuntius,

NVNT. LOhere at length the stately type of Troy:
And Brytain land the promist seate of Brute,
Decke with so many spoyles of conquered Kings.
Haile native soyle, these nine yeares space vnseene:
To thee hath long renowmed Rome at last
Held vp her hands, bereaft of former pompe.
But first inflamde with wonted balures heate,
Amidst our sorest siedge and thickest bryghts,
She stoutly fought, and fiercely waged warres.
Tiberius courage gaue, vpbraiding oft
The Romane force, their wonted lucke, and long
Retained rule, by warres throughout the world.
What shame it were, since such atchieued spoiles,
And conquests gaind both farre and wide, to wans
Of courage then, when most it should be mou'd.
How Brytaines erst paide tribute for their peace,
But now rebell, and dare them at their doores:
For what was Fraunce but theirs? Herewith incenst
They fiercely rau'd, and bent their force a fresh.
Which Arthur spying, cryed with thundring voyce,
Fye, (Brytaines) fye: what hath bewitcht you thus?
So many Nations soilde, must Romans foile?
What slouth is this? Haue you forgot to warre,
Which ne'r knew houre of peace? Turne to your foes,
Where you may bath in blood, and fight your fill.
Let courage worke: what can he not that dares?
Thus he puissant guide in doubtfull warres,
A shamde to shun his foes, inflamde his friends.
Then yeelding to his stately Steed the raignes,
He furious tynes the Romaine troupes about:
He plies each place, least Fates mought alter ought,
Pursuing hap, and vrging each successe.
He yeelds in nought, but instantly persists
In all attempts, wherein what to withstands

his

His wish, he ſeekes to worke a way by wracke,
And matching death to death, no paſſage ſeekes,
But what deſtruction workes, with blade or blood.
He ſcornes the peeled way, he fiercely raues
To breake and build the rancks in thickeſt thongs,
All headlong bent, and prone to prelent ſpoile.
The foes inforc'd withſtand: but much dismaide
They lenſeleſſe fight, whiles millions loſe their liues.
At length Tiberius, pierſt with point of ſpeare,
Doth bloeding fall, engoard with deadly wound.
Hereat the reſt recoile, and headlong flie,
Each man to ſaue himſelfe. The battaile quailes
And Brytaines winne vnto their moſt renowne.
Then Arthur tooke Tiberius breathleſſe Coyle,
And ſent it to the Senators at Rome,
With charge to ſay: This is the tribute due
Which Arthur ought, as time hereafter ſeeues,
He'il pay the like againe: the whiles he reſts
Your debtor thus. But O! this ſweete ſucceſſe
Purſu'd with greater harmes, turn'd ſowre to ſowre.
For lo; when forreine ſoiles and ſeas were paſt
With ſafe returne, and that the King ſhould land:
Who, but his onely ſonne (O outrage rare)
With hugie hoaſt withſtoode him at the ſhoare?
There were prepar'de the forreine aides from farre,
There were the hoſtes of diuers Kings,
There were our parents, brethren, ſonnes and kinne,
Their wrath, their ire, there Mordred was thy rage.
Where erſt we ſought abroade for foes to foile,
Beholde, our Fates had ſent vs foes vnſought.
When forreine Realmes ſupplanted want ſupplie:
O bleſſed home, that hath ſuch bronne in ſtore.
But let this part of Arthurs prowesſt lurke,
Nor let it e're appeare by my report,
What monſtrous miſchiefes rane in ciuill warres.
O rather let due teares, and waylings want:
Let all in ſilence ſinke, what hence inſu'd.
What beſt deſerueth mention here, is this:
That Mordred vanquiſht trudged to his flight,
That Arthur ech where victor is returnd.
And lo: where Mordred comes with heauy head,
He wields no ſlender waight that wields a Crowne. Exit.

The ſecond ſcene.

Mordred. Conan.

MORD. And hath he wonne? Be Stroads & ſhoares polluted?
Is Mordred foilde? the realme is yet vnwonne:
And Mordred liues reſerv'd for Arthurs Death:

Well: t'was my firſt conflict: I knew not yet
What warres requir'd: but now my ſwoꝛde is fleſht,
And taught to goare and bath in hoateſt blonde.
Then thinke not Arthur that the Crowne is wonne:
Thy firſt ſucceſſe may rue our next aſſault.
Euen at our next incounter (hap when 't will)
I vowe by Heauen, by Earth, by Hell, by all,
That either thou, oꝛ I, oꝛ both ſhall dye.

CONA. Nought ſhoulde be rathly vowde againſt your ſire.
MORD. Whole breaſt is freꝛe from rage may ſcone b'adui'de.
CONA. The beſt redreſſe foꝛ rage is to relent.
MORD. 'Tis better foꝛ a King to kill his foes.
CONA. So that the Subiects alſo iudge them foes.
MORD. The Subiects muſt not iudge their Kings decrees.
CONA. The Subiects foꝛce is great. ARTH. Greater the Kings.
CONA. The moꝛe you may, the moꝛe you ought to feare.
MORD. He is a foole, that feareth what he may.
CONA. Not what you may, but what you ought is iuſt,
MORD. He that amongſt ſo many, ſo vniuſt,
Seekes to be iuſt, ſeekes perill to him ſelfe.
CONA. A greater perill comes by breach of lawes.
MORD. The Lawes doe licence as the Soueraigne liſts.
CONA. Leſt ought he liſt, whom lawes doe licence moſt.
MORD. Imperiall power abhoꝛres to be reſtrainde.
CONA. As much doe meaner roomes to be compeld.
MORD. The Fates haue heau'de and raid'de my foꝛce on high.
CONA. Tho gentler ſhoulde you preſſe thoſe, that are low.
MORD. I would be feard: CONA. The cauſe why Subiects hate.
MORD. A Kingdom's kept by feare. CONA. And loſt by hate.
He feares as man himſelfe, whom many feare.
MORD. The numerous Subiect dares attempt no chaundge.
CONA. What dares not deſperate dread? CONA. What to ture threats.
CONA. O ſpare, t'weare ſafter to be lou'de. MORD. As ſafe
To be obaide. CONA. Whiles you command but well.
MORD. Where Rulers dare commaund but what is well:
Powre is but prayer, commaundment but requeſt.
CONA. If powre be ioynde with right, men muſt obay.
MORD. My will muſt goe foꝛ right. CONA. If they aſſent.
MORD. My ſwoꝛd ſhall foꝛce aſſent: CONA. No Gods foꝛbid.
MORD. What; ſhall I ſtande whiles Arthur ſheades my blonde?
And muſt I yeelde my necke vnto the Axe?
Whom Fates conſtrayne, let him foꝛgoe his bliſſe:
But he that needleſſe yeldes vnto his bane,
When he may ſhunne, doth well deſeruе to looſe
The good he cannot vſe: who woulde ſuſtaine
A baſer life, that may maintaine the beſt?
We cannot part the Crowne: A regall Throne
Is not foꝛ two: The Scepter fittes but one.
But whether is the fitter of vs two,
That muſt our ſwoꝛdes decerne: and ſhoꝛtly ſhall.
CONA. How much were you to be renowmed moꝛe,

If calling off theſe ruinous attempts,
Don woulde take care howe to ſupplie the loſſe,
Which former warres, and forraine broyles haue wrought.
Howe to deſerue the peoples hearties with peace,
With quiet reſt, and deepe deſired eaſe.
Not to increaſe the rage that long hath raigned,
For to deſtroy the realme, you ſeeke to rule.
Your Father reard it vp, you plucke it downe.
You looſe your Countrey whiles you winne it thus:
To make it yours, you ſtriue to make it none.
Where Kings impoſe too much, the commons grudge,
Good will with drawes, aſſent becomes but ſlowe.

MORD. Muſt I to gaine renowne, incurre my plage?
Or hoping prayſe ſuſtaine an exiles life?
Muſt I for Countries eaſe diſeaſe my ſelfe?
Or for their loue diſpiſe my owne eſtate?
No. Tis my happe that Brytain ſerues my turne,
That feare of me doth make the Subiects crouch,
That what they grudge, they do conſtrayned yeeld.
If their aſſents be ſlowe, my wrath is ſwift,
Whom fauour failes to bende, let furie breake.
If they be yet to learne, let terrour teach,
What Kings may doe, what Subiects ought to beare.
Then is a Kingdome at a wiſhed ſtaye,
When whatſoeuer the Souereigne wills, or nilles,
Seen be compelde as well to praiſe, as beare,
And Subiects willes inforc'd againſt their willes.

CONA. But who ſo ſeekes true praiſe, and iuſt renowme,
Would rather ſeeke their prayſing heartes, then congues.

MORD. True praiſe may happen to the baſeſt groome,
A forced prayſe to none, but to a Prince.
I wiſh that moſt, that Subiects moſt repine.

CONA. But yet where warres doe threaten your eſtate,
There needeth friendes to fortifie your Crowne.

MORD. Ech Crowne is made of that attractiue moulde,
That of it ſelfe it drawes a full defence.

CONA. That is a iuſt, and no diſpred Crowne.
And better were an exiles life, then thus
Diſloyally to wronge your Sire and Liedge.
Thinke not that impious crimes can proſper long,
A time they ſcape, in time they be repaide.

MORD, The higheſt crimes bring beſt ſucceſſe to ſome.

CONA. Thoſe ſome be rare. MORD. Why may not I be rare?

CONA. It was their hap. MORD. It is my hope. CONA. But hope
May miſſe, where hap doth hurle. MORD. So hap may hit,
Where hope doth aime. CONAN. But hap is laſt, and rules
The ſtarne. MORD. So hope is firſt, and holds the ſaile.

CONA. Yet feare: the firſt and laſt doe fielde agree.

MORD. May dare: the firſt and laſt haue many meanes.
But ceaſe at length: your ſpeach moleſts me much:
My minde is fixt. Giue Mordred leaue to doe,

What Conan neither can allow, nor like.
CONA. But loe an Herault ſent from Arthurs hoaſt:
Gods graunt his meſſage may portend our good.

The third ſcene.

Herault. Gawin. Mordred.

HERA. YOUR Sire (O Prince) conſidering what diſtreſſe,
The Realme ſuſtaines by both your mutuall warres,
Hath ſent your brother Gawin Albane King
To treate of truce, and to imparle of peace.
MORD. Speake brother: what commaundment lends my Sire?
What meſſage doe you bring? My life, or death?
GAWI. A meſſage farre vnmeete, moſt needefull tho.
The Sire commaunds not, where the Sonne rebels:
His loue deſcends too deepe to wiſh your death.
MORD. And mine aſcends to high to wiſh his life.
GAWI. Yet thus he offreth: though your faults be great,
And moſt diſloyall to his deepe abuſe:
Yet yeelde your ſelfe: he'il be as prone to grace,
As you to ruth: An Vncle, Sire, and Liedge.
And fitter were your due ſubmiſſion done,
Then wrongfull warres to reaue his right and Realme.
MORD. It is my fault, that he doth want his right:
It is his owne, to vexe the Realme with warres.
GAWI. It is his right, that he attempts to ſeeke:
It is your wrong, that driueth him thereto.
MORD. 'Tis his inſatiate minde, that is not ſo content,
Which hath ſo many Kingdomes more beſides.
GAWI. The more you ought to tremble at his powre.
MORD. The greater is my conqueſt, if I winne.
GAWI. The more your foile, if you ſhould hap to looſe.
For Arthurs fame, and vallure's ſuch, as you
Should rather imitate, or at the leaſt
Enuie, if hope of better fanſies failde.
For whereas Enuie raignes, though it repines,
Yet doth it feare a greater then it ſelfe.
MORD. He that enuies the valure of his foe,
Detects a want of valure in himſelfe.
He fondly fights, that fights with ſuch a foe,
Where 'twere a ſhame to looſe, no praiſe to winne:
But with a famous foe, ſucceede what will,
To winne is great renowne, to looſe leſſe foile.
His conqueſts, were they more, diſmate me not:
The oftner they haue beene, the more they threat.
No danger can be thought both ſafe, and oft:
And who 'hath oftner wageth warres then he?
Eſcapes ſecure him not: he owes the price:
Whom chaunce hath often miſt, chaunce hits at length

Or, if that Chaunce haue furthered his ſucceſſe,
So may the mine: for Chaunce hath made me king.

GAWI. As Chaunce hath made you King, ſo Chaunce may change.
Prouide for peace: that's it the highelt piers,
No ſtate except, euen Conquerours ought to ſéke.
Remember Arthurs ſtrength, his conqueſtes late,
His fierie myndе, his high aſpiring heart.
Marke then the oddes: he expert, you untried:
He ripe, you grœne: yeelde you, whiles yet you may,
He will not yeelde: he winnes his peace with warres.

MODR. If Chaunce may chaunge, his Chaunce was laſt to winne.
The likelier now to loſe: his hautie heart
And minde I know: I fœie mine owne no leſſe.
As for his ſtrength, and I kill, I leaue to happe:
Where many mœte, it lies not all in one.
What though he vanquiſht haue the Romaine troupes?
That bootes him not: him ſelfe is vanquiſht here.
Then waigh your wordes againe: if Conquerours ought
To ſœke for peace: The Conquered muſt perforce.
But he'll not yeelde, he'll purchaſe peace with warres.
Well: yeelde that will: I neither will, nor can:
Come peace, come warres, chuſe him: my danger's his,
His ſafferie mine, our ſtates doe ſtande alike.
If peace be good, as good for him, as me:
If warres be good, as good for me, as him.

GAWI. What Curſed warres (alas) were thoſe, wherein
Both ſonne and ſire ſhoulde ſo oppoſe themſelues?
Him, whom you nowe vnhappie man purſue,
If you ſhould winne, your ſelfe would firſt bewaile.
Giue him his Crowne, to keepe it perill breeds.

MORD. The Crowne Ile keepe my ſelfe: inſine what will:
Death muſt be once: how ſoone, I leſt reſpect.
He beſt prouides that can beware in time,
Not why, nor when: but whence, and where he fals.
What foole, to liue a yeare or twaine in reſt,
Would looſe the ſtate, and honour of a Crowne?

GAWI. Conſider then your Fathers griefe, and want:
Whom you bereaue of Kingdome, Realme, and Crowne.

MORD. Truſt me: a huge and mightie kingdome tis,
To beare the want of Kingdome, Realme, and Crowne.

GAWI. A common want, which woorkes ech worldlings woe,
That many haue too much, but none inough.
It were his praiſe, could he be ſo content.
Which makes you guiltie of the greater wiong.
Wherefore thinke on the doubtfull ſtate of warres,
Where Mars hath ſway, he keepes no certayne courſe.
Sometimes he letes the weaker to preuaile,
Some times the ſtronger ſtoupes: hope, feare, and rage
With eyleſſe lott rules all, vncertayne good,
Moſt certaine harmes, be his aſſured happes.
No lucke can laſt, nowe here, nowe their it lights:

No ſtate alike, Chaunce blindly ſnatcheth all,
And Fortune maketh guiltie whom ſhe liſtes.
MORD. Since therefore feare, and hope, and happe in warres
Be all obſcure, till their ſucceſſe be ſeene:
Your ſpeach doth rather dzine me on to trie,
And truſt them all, mine onely refuge now.
GAWI. And feare you not ſo ſtrange and uncouth warres?
MORD. No, were they warres that grew from out the ground.
GAWI. Nor yet your fire ſo huge, your ſelfe ſo ſmall?
MORD. The ſmalleſt are may fell the hugeſt oake.
GAWI. Nor that in feiling him, your ſelfe may fall?
MORD. He falleth well, that falling feils his foe.
GAWI. Nor common Chance whereto each man is thrall?
MORD. Small manhood were to turne my backe to Chance.
GAWI. Nor that, if Chance afflict, kings brooke it not?
MORD. I beare no breaſt ſo vnprepaꝛde foꝛ harmes.
Euen that I holde the kingliеſt point of all,
To brooke afflictions well: And by how much
The moꝛe his ſtate and tottering Empire ſagges,
To fire ſo much the faſter foote on ground.
No feare but both foꝛeiudge, and many fall
Into their Fate, whiles they doe feare their Fate.
Where courage quailes, the feare exceeds the harme,
Yea woꝛſe than warre it ſelfe, is feare of warre.
GAWI. Warre ſeemeth ſweete to ſuch as haue not tried:
But wiſedome wils we ſhould foꝛecaſt the woꝛſt.
The end allowes the act: that plot is wiſe,
That knowes his meanes, and leaſt relies on Chance.
Eſchue the courſe where errour lurkes, their growes
But griefe, where paine is ſpent, no hope to ſpeed.
Striue not aboue your ſtrength: foꝛ where your foꝛce
Is ouer matchte with your attempts, it faints,
And fruitleſſe leaues, what bootleſſe it began.
MORD. All things are rulde in conſtant courſe: No Fate
But is foꝛeſet, The firſt dale leades the laſt.
No wiſedome then: but difference in concert,
Which woꝛkes in many men, as many mindes.
You loue the meane, and follow vertues race:
I like the top, and aime at greater bliſſe.
You reſt content, my minde aſpires to moꝛe:
In briefe, you feare, I hope: you doubt, I dare.
Since then the ſageſt counſailes are but ſtrifes,
Where equall wits may wreaſt each ſide alike,
Let counſaile go: my purpoſe muſt proceede:
Each likes his courſe, mine owne doth like me beſt.
Wherefore e're Arthur breath, or garher ſtrength,
Aſſault we him: leaſt he aſſault vs firſt.
He either muſt deſtroie, oꝛ be deſtroide.
The miſchiefe's in the midſt: catch he that can.
GAWI. But will no reaſon rule that deſperate minde?
MORD. A fickle minde that euerie reaſon rules.

I

I reſt reſolu'd: and to my Sire ſay thus:
If here he ſtay but three daies to an end,
And not forthwith diſcharge his band and hoaſt,
Tis Mordreds oath: aſſure himſelfe to die.
But if he finde his courage ſo to ſerue,
As for to ſtand to his defence with force:
In Cornewaile if he dare, I'le trye it out.

GAWI. O ſtrange contempt: like as the craggy roeke,
Reſiſts the ſtreames, and flings the waltering waues
A looke, ſo he reiects and ſcornes my words. Exit.

The fourth ſcene.

Gilla. Gillamor, Cheldrichus, Dux Pictorum, Conan.

MORD. LOrd, where (as they decreed) my faithfull friends
Haue kept their time, be all your powers repaird?

GILLA. They be: and all with ardent mindes to Mars,
They cry for warres, and longing for th'allarme
Euen now they wiſh t'incounter with their foes.

MORD. What could be wiſht for more? Puiſſant King.
For your great helpe and valiant Iriſh force,
If I obtaine the conqueſt in theſe warres,
Whereas my father claimes a tribute due
Out of your Realme, I here renounce it quite.
And if aſſiſtance neede in doubtfull times,
I will not faile to aide you with the like.

GYLL. It doth ſuffice me to diſcharge my Realme,
Or at the leaſt to wreke me on my foes.
I rather like to liue your friend and piere,
Then reſt in Arthurs homage and diſgrace.

MORD. Right noble Duke, though whom the Saxons bowe,
Their liues with mine, for my defence in warres:
If we preuaile and may ſubdue our foes:
I will in liew of your ſo high deſerts,
Geue you and yours all Britiſh lands that lie
Betweene the flood of Humber, and the Scottes,
Beſides as much in Kent as Horſus and
Hengiſtus had, when Vortigern was King.

CHEL. Your gracious proffers I accept with thankes,
Not for the gaine, but that the good deſire
I haue henceforth to be your ſubiect here,
May thereby take effect: which I eſteeme
More then the rule I beare in Saxon ſoile.

MORD. (Renowmed Lord) for your right hardy Picts,
And choſen warriers to maintaine my cauſe,
If our attempts receiue a good ſucceſſe,
The Albane Crowne I giue to you and yours.

PICT. Your highnes bountie in so high degree,
Were cause inough to moue me to my best.
But sure your selfe, without regard of merde,
Should finde both me and mine at your commaund.

MORD. Lord Gilla, if my hope may take successe,
And that I be thereby vndoubted King,
The Cornish Dukedome I allot to you.

GILLA. My liedge to further your desir'd attempts,
I ioyfully shall spend my dearest blood.
The rather, that I found the King your Sire
So heauy Lord to me, and all my stocke.

MORD. Since then our rest is on't, and we agreed
To warre it out: what resteth now but blowes?
Diue Deities on with swords, Mars frames the meanes,
Henceforth what Mordred may, now lies in you:
Ere long if Mars inspire with good successe,
Looke whatsoe'r it be, that Arthur claimes,
By right, or wrong, or conquests gaind with blood,
In Brytaine, or abroade is mine to giue.
To shewe I would haue said: I cannot giue,
What euery hand must giue vnto it selfe.
Whereof who lists to purchase any share,
Now let him seeke and winne it with his Sword:
The Fates haue laide it open in the field.
What Starres (O heauens) or Poles, or Powers diuine
Doe graunt so great rewards for those that winne:
Since then our common good, and ech mans care
Requires our ioint assistance in these toples:
Shall we not hazard our extreamest hap,
And rather spend our Fates, then spare our foes?
The cause, I care for most, is chiefely yours:
This hand and hart shall make mine owne secure,
That man shall see me foiled by my selfe,
What e'r he be, that sees my foe vnfoilde.
Feare not the feild because of Mordreds faults,
Nor shrinke one iotte the more for Arthurs right.
Full safely Fortune guideth many a guilt,
And Fates haue none but wretches whom they wranche.
Wherefore make speede to cheare your Souldiers harts,
That to their fires you yet may adde more flames.
The life that seekes to winne in ciuill warres,
Must not content it selfe with woonted heate.

Exeunt omnes preter Mordred & Conan.

CONA. WOuld God your highnes had beene more auisde,
Ere too much will had drawen your wits too farre:
Then had no warres indangered you, nor yours,
For Mordreds cause requires forreine care.

MORD. A troubled head: my minds reuolts to feare,
And beares my body backe: I inwards faint my fall.

My

My thoughts misgeue me much: downe terror: I
Perceiue mine ende: and desperate though I muse
Despise Dispaire, and somewhat hopelesse hope.
The more I doubt, the more I dare: by feare
I finde the fact is fittest for my fame.
What though I be a ruine to the Realme,
And fall my selfe therewith? No better end.
His last mishaps doe make a man secure.
Such was King Priams ende, who, when he dyed,
Closde and wrapt vp his Kingdome in his death.
A solemne pompe, and fit for Mordreds minde,
To be a graue and tombe to all his Realme. Exeunt.

CHORVS.

1 Ye Princely Peeres extold to seates of State,
Seeke not the faire, that some will turne to fowle:
Oft is the fall of high and houering Fate,
And rare the roome, which time doth not controwle.
The safest seate is not on highest hill,
Where windes, and stormes, and thunders thumpe their ill.
Farre safer were to follow lound aduise,
Then for such pride to pay so deare a price.

2 The mounting minde that climes the hauty cliffes,
And soaring seekes the rip of lofty type,
Intoxicats the braine with giddy duffes,
Then rowles, and reeles, and falles at length plum ripe.
Loe: heauing hie is of so small forecast,
To totter first, and tumble downe at last.
Yet Pegalus still reares himselfe on hie,
And coltishly doth kicke the cloudes in Skie.

3 Who sawe the griefe engrauen in a Crowne,
Or knew the bale and bane wherein it's bound;
Would neuer sticke to throwe and fling it downe,
Nor once vouchsafe to heaue it from the ground.
Such is the lustre of this ambitious pompe,
So sooner had, then turnde extremes to sowre:
Archien'd with enuie, exercisde with hate,
Garded with feare, supported with debate.

4 O restlesse race of high allpyring head,
O worthlesse rule both pitted and inuied:
How many Millions to their losse you lead:
With loue and lure of Kingdomes blisse intryed?
So things intasted cause a quenchlesse thirst,
Which, were they knowne, would be refused first.
Yea, oft we see, yet seeing cannot shonne
The fact, we finde as fondly dan'd, as donne.

The

The argument of the third Act.

1 IN the firſt Scene **Cador** and **Howell** incite and exhort **Arthur** vnto warre: Who mooued with Fatherly affection towards his ſonne, notwithſtanding their perſwaſions reſolueth vpon peace.

2 In the ſecond Scene, an Herault is ſent from **Mordred** to commaund **Arthur** to diſcharge his armies vnder paine of death, or otherwiſe if he dare, to trie it by Battaile.

3 In the third Scene **Arthur** calleth his Aſſiſtants and Souldiers together, whom he exhorteth to purſue their foes.

4 In the fourth Scene **Arthur** betweene griefe and deſpaire reſolueth to warre.

¶ *The Argument and manner of the* third dumbe ſhewe.

DVring the Muſicke after the ſecond Act. There came vppon the ſtage two gentlemen attyred in peaceable manner, which brought with them a Table, Carpet, and Cloth: and then hauing couered the Table they furniſht it with incenſe on the one ende, and banqueting diſhes on the other ende: Next there came two gentlemen apparelled like Souldiers with two naked Swordes in their handes, the which they laide a croſſe vpon the Table. Then there came two ſumptuouſly attyred and warrelike, who, ſpying this preparation ſmelled the incenſe and taſted the banquet. During the which there came a Meſſenger and deliuered certaine letters to thoſe two that ſedde on the dainties: who, after they had well viewed and peruſed the letters, furiouſly flung the banquet vnder feete: and violently ſnatching the Swordes vnto them, they haſtily went their way. By the firſt two that brought in the banquet was meant the ſeruaunts of Peace, by the ſecond two were meant the ſeruaunts of Warre: By the two laſt were meant *Arthur* and *Cador*, By the Meſſenger and his Letters was meant the defiance from *Mordred*.

THE THIRD ACT and Fyrſte ſcene.

Arthur. Cador. Howell.

ARTH. IS this the welcome that my Realme prepares?
Be theſe the thankes I winne for all my warres?
Thus to forbid me land? to ſlaie my friends?
To make their bloud diſtaine my Countries ſhoares?
My ſonne (belike) leaſt that our force ſhould faine
For want of warres, prepar'de vs warres himſelfe.
He thought (perhaps) it mought empaire our fame,

yf

If none rebeld, whose stale might praise our power.
Is this the fruit of Mordreds forward youth,
And tender age discreet beyond his yeres?
O false and guilfull life, O craftie wight!
How cunningly conniues thou fraude vnseene?
Thambicious seemeth meeke, the wanton chast,
Disguised vice for vertue vaunts it selfe.
Thus (Arthur) thus hath Fortune plaid her part,
Blinde for thy weale, cleare sighted for thy woe.
Thy kingdome's gone, thy phere affordes no faith,
Thy sonne rebels, of all thy wonted pompe
No iot is left, and Fortune hides her face.
No place is left for prosperous plight, mishaps
Haue roome and waies to runne and walke at will.
Lo (Cador) both our states, your daughter's trust,
My sonn's respect, our hopes repos'de in both.

CADO. The time (puissant Prince) permits not now
To moane our wrongs, or search each seuerall sore.
Since Arthur thus hath rauisht all abroade,
What meruaile ist, if Mordred haue at home?
When farre and neere your warres had woone the world,
What warres were left for him, but ciuill warres,
All which requires reuenge with sword and fire,
And to pursue your foes with prelence force.
In like attempts Mars giues a rightfull doome.

ARTH. Nay rather (Cador) let them runne their race,
And leaue the Heauens reuengers of my wrong.
Since Brytaines prosperous state is thus debaste
In seruile sort to Mordreds cursed pride,
Let me be thrall, and leade a priuate life:
None can refuse the yoake his Countrie bearrs.
But as for warres, vnsooth my flesh abhorres,
To bid the battayle to my proper blood.
Great is the loue, which nature doth inforce
From kin to kin, but most from sire to sonne.

HOWE. The noble necke disdaines the seruile yoke,
Where rule hath pleasde, subiection seemeth strange.
A King ought alwaies to preferre his Realme,
Before the loue he beares to kin or sonne.
Your Realme destroide is neere restord againe,
But time may send you kine and sonnes inough.

ARTH. How hard it is to rule th'aspiring minde,
And what a kingly point it seemes to thole,
Whole Lordlie hands the stately Sceptre swaies,
Still to pursue the drift they first decreed:
My wonted minde and kingdome lets me know.
Thinke not, but if you driue this hazard on,
He desperate will resolue to winne or die:
Whereof who knowes which were the greater guile,
The fire to quale the sonne, or sonne the fire.

CADO. If bloudie Mars dot so extreamly swaie,

That either ſonne or ſire muſt needs be ſlaine,
Geue Lawe the choice: let him die that deſerues.
Each impotent affection notes a want.
No woꝛſe a vice then lentie in Kings,
Remiſſe indulgence ſoone vndoes a Realme.
He teacheth how to ſinne, that winkes at ſinnes,
And bids offend, that ſuffereth an offence.
The onely hope of leaue increaſeth crimes,
And he that pardoneth one, emboldneth all
To breake the Lawes. Each patience foſtereth wꝛongs.
But vice ſeuerely puniſht faints at foote,
And creepes no further off, then where it falls.
One ſower example will preuent moꝛe vice,
Than all the beſt perſwations in the woꝛld.
Rough rigour lookes out right, and ſtill preuailes:
Smooth mildneſſe lookes too many waies to thriue.
Wherefoꝛe ſince Mordreds crimes haue wꝛonged the Lawes
In ſo extreame a ſoꝛt, as is too ſtrange:
Let right and iuſtice rule with rigours aide,
And woꝛke his wracke at length, although too late;
That damning Lawes, ſo damned by the Lawes,
Hee may receiue his deepe deſerued doome.
So let it fare with all, that dare the like:
Let ſwoꝛd, let fire, let toꝛments be their end.
Seueritie vpholds both Realme and rule.

ARTH. Ah too ſeuere, farre from a Fathers minde.
Compaſſion is as fit foꝛ Kings as wyath.
Lawes muſt not lowꝛe. Rule oft admitteth ruthe.
So hate, as if there were yet cauſe to loue:
Take not their liues as foes, which may be friends.
To ſpoile my ſonne were to diſpoile my ſelfe:
Oft, whiles we ſeeke our foes, we ſeeke our foiles.
Let's rather ſeeke how to allure his minde
With good deſerts: deſerts may winne the woꝛſt.

HOWE. Where Cato firſt had ſaued a theefe from death,
And after was himſelfe condemnd to die:
When elſe not one would execute the doome,
Who but the theefe did vndertake the taſke?
If too much bountie woꝛke ſo bad effects
In thankleſſe friends, what foꝛ a ruthleſſe foe?
Let Lawes haue ſtill their courſe, the ill diſpoſde
Grudge at their liues, to whom they owe too much.

ARTH. But yet where men with reconciled mindes
Renue their loue with recontinued grace,
Attonement frames them friends of foꝛmer foes,
And makes the moodes of ſwelling wyath to ſwage.
No faſter friendſhip, than that growes from griefe,
When melting mindes with mutuall ruth relent.
How cloſe the ſeuered ſkinne vnites againe,
When ſalues haue ſmoothlie healed the foꝛmer hurts?

CADO. I neuer yet ſawe hurt ſo ſmoothly healed,

But

But that the ſharre bewaid the ſonner wounde
Yea, where the ſaine did ſoonest cloſe the ſkinne,
The ſore was oftner couered vp than cur'de.
Which feſtering deepe and filde within, at laſt
With ſodaine breach grew greater than at firſt.
What then for mindes, which haue reuenging moodes.
And ne'r forget the croſſe they forced beares?
Whereto if reconcilement come, it makes
The t'one lecure, whiles t'other workes his will.
Attonement field defeates, but oft deferres
Reuenge: beware a reconciled foe.

ARTH. Well, what anailes to linger in this life,
Which Fortune but reſerues for greater griefe?
This breath drawes on but matter of miſhap:
Death onely frees the guiltleſſe from anoies.
Who ſo hath felt the force of greedie Fates,
And dur'de the laſt decree of grille death,
Shall neuer yeeld his captiue armes to chaines,
Nor drawne in triumph decke the victors pompe.

HOWE. What meane theſe woordes? Is Arthur foe'de to feare,
Is this the fruit of your continuall warres,
Euen from the firſt remembrance of your youth?

ARTH. My youth (I graunt) and prime of budding yeares
Puft vp with pride and fond deſire of praiſe,
Foreweening nought what perils might enſue,
Aduentured all, and raught to will the raignes.
But now this age requires a ſager courſe,
And will aduiſde by harmes to wiſedome yeelds.
Thoſe ſwelling ſpirits the ſelfe ſame cauſe which firſt
Set them on gog, euen Fortunes fauours quaſh.
And now mine oftneſt ſhapes doe ſhare me moſt,
I feare the trappe, whereat I oft haue tript:
Experience tels me plaine that Chance is fraile,
And oft, the better paſt, the woſſe to come.

CADO. Reſiſt theſe boubes: tis ill to yeeld to harmes.
'Tis ſafeſt then to dare when moſt you feare.

ARTH. As ſafe ſometimes to feare, when moſt we dare.
A cauſeleſſe courage giues repentance place.

HOWE. If Fortune fawne. ARTH. Each waie on me ſhe frowns.
For winne I, looſe I, both procure my griefe.

CADO. But caſe you winne, what griefe? ARTH. Admit I woe,
What ioy? CADO. Then may you rule. ARTH. When I may die.

CADO. To rule is much. ARTH. Small if we conet naught.

CADO. Who couets not a Crowne. ARTH. Eye that diſcernes
The ſwoord aloft. CADO. That hangeth faſt. ARTH. But by
A haire. CADO. Right holdes it vp. ARTH. Wrong puls it downe.

CADO. The Commons helpe the King. ARTH. They ſometimes hurt.

CADO. At leaſt the Peeres. ARTH. Shield if allegeance want.

CADO. Yet Soueraignetie. ARTH. Not, if ſubiection faile.

CADO. Doube not, the Realme is yours. ARTH. T'was mine till now.

CADO. And ſhall be ſtill. ARTH. If Mordred liſt. CADO. T'were well

Your crowne were wonne. ARTH. Perhaps tis better lost

IOWE. The name of rule should moue a princely minde.

ARTH. Trust me, bad things haue often glorious names.

IOWE. The greatest good that Fortune can affoord.

ARTH. A dangerous good that wisedome would eschue.

IOWE. Yet waigh the heareſate of the olde renowme,
And Fame the Wonderer of the former age:
Which still extolls the facts of worthyeſt wights,
Preferring no deserts before your deeds.
Euen she exhorts you to this new attempts,
Which left vntryde your winnings be but losse.

ARTH. Small credit will be giuen of matters past
To Fame, the Flatterer of the former age.
Were all beleeu'd which antique byuite imports,
Yet wisedome waighes the perill ioinde to praiſe:
Rare is the Fame (marke well all ages gone)
Which hath not hurt the houſe it most enhaun'ſt.
Besides, Fame's but a blaſt that ſounds a while,
And quickely ſtints, and then is quite forgot.
Looke whatſoe'r our vertues haue atchieu'd,
The Chaos vaſt and greedy time deuours.
To day all Europe rings of Arthurs praiſe:
T'wilbe as huſht, as if I ne'r had beene.
What bootes it then to venture life or limme,
For that, which needes e'r long we leaue, or loose,

CADO. Can blinde affection ſo much bleare the wiſe,
Or loue of graceleſſe Sonne ſo witch the Sire?
That what concernes the honour of a Prince
With Countries good and Subiects iuſt requeſt,
Should lightly be contemned by a King?
When Lucius ſent but for his tribute due,
You went with thirteene Kings to roote him out:
Haue Romaines, for requiring but their owne,
Aboad your nine yeares hunts? Shall Mordred ſcape,
That wrong'd you thus in honour, Queene, and Realme?
Were this no cauſe to ſtirre a King to wrath,
Yet ſhould your Conqueſts late atchieu'd gainſt Rome
Inflame your minde with thirſt of full reuenge.

ARTH. Indeede, continuall warres haue chaſte our mindes,
And good ſucceſſe hath bred impatient moodes.
Rome puffes vs vp, and makes vs too too fierce:
There, Brytaines, there we ſtand, whence Rome did fall.
Thou Lucius mak'ſt me proude, thou heat'ſt my minde:
But what? ſhall I eſteeme a Crowne ought elſe,
Then as a gorgeous Creſt of eaſeleſſe Helme,
Or as ſome brittel mould of glorious pompe,
Or glittering glaſſe, which, whiles it ſhines, it breakes?
All this a ſodaine Chaunce may daſh, and not
Perhaps with thirteene Kings, or in nine yeares:
All may not finde ſo ſlowe and lingring Fates.
What, that my Country cryes for due remorſe

And

And ſome reliefe for long ſuſtained toyles?
By Seas and Lands I dayly wrought her wrecke,
And ſpareleſſe ſpent her life on euery foe.
Eche where my Souldiers periſht, whileſt I wonne:
Throughout the world my Conqueſt was their ſpoile.
A faire reward for all their deaths, for all
Their warres abroad, to giue them ciuill warres.
What bootes it them releru'd from forreine foiles
To die at home? What ende of rutheleſſe rage:
At leaſt let age, and Nature worne to nought,
Prouide at length their graues with wiſhed groanes.
Pitty their hoary haires, their feeble fits,
Their withered limbs, their ſtrengths conſumde in Campe.
Muſt they ſtill ende their liues amongeſt the blades?
Reſts there no other Fate whiles Arthur raignes?
What deeme you me? a furie fedde with blood,
Or ſome Ciclopian borne and bred for braules?
Thinke on the minde, that Arthur beares to peace:
Can Arthur pleaſe you no where but in warres?
Be witneſſe Heauens how farre t'is from my minde,
Therewith to ſpoile or ſacke my natiue ſoile:
I cannot yeelde, it brookes not in my breaſt,
To ſeeke her ruine, whom I erſt haue rulde.
What reliques now ſo e're both ciuill broyles,
And forreine warres haue left, let thoſe remaine:
Th'are fewe inough, and Brytaines fall too faſt.

The ſecond ſcene.

An Herault from Mordred.

HOWE. LO here an Herault ſent from Mordreds Campe,
A froward meſſage, if I rede aright:
We mought not ſtirre his wrath: perhaps this may:
Perſwaſions cannot moue a Brytaines mode,
And yet none ſooner ſtung with preſent wrong.

HERAV. Haile peereleſſe Prince, whiles Fortune would, our King,
Though now bereft of Crowne and former rule.
Touchſafe me leaue my meſſage to impart,
No lotte vnfoyſt, but as your Sonne affoyds.
If here you ſtay but three dayes to an ende,
And not forthwith diſcharge your bands and hoaſt,
Ti's Mordreds oath: Aſſure your ſelfe to die.
But if you finde your courage ſo to ſerue,
As for to ſtand to your defence with force,
In Cornewell (if you dare) he'll trye it out.

ARTH. Is this the choyce my Sonne doth ſend his Sire,
And muſt I die? Or trye it if I dare?
To die were ill, this to be dar'd is woyſe.

Diſplay

Display my ſtandart forth, let Trumpe and Dyumme
Call Souldiers nere, to heare their Soueraignes heaſt.

The third ſcene.

Gawin King of Albanie, Aſchillus King of Denmarke, King of Norway. A number of Souldiers.

ARTH. O Friends and fellowes of my weriest toyles,
Which haue borne out with me ſo many haunts,
And deſperate itromes of wars and hainſicke Mars:
Loe now the hundzeth month wherein we winne.
Hath all the blond we ſpent in forreine Coaſts,
The wounds, and deaths, and winters boad abroade,
Deſerued thus to be diſgrac'd at home?
All Brytaine rings of warres: No towne, nor fielde
But ſwarmes with armed troupes: the muſtering traines
Stop vp the ſtreetes: no leſſe a tumult's raiſe,
Then when Hengiſtus fell and Horſus fierce
With treacherous truce did ouerrunne the Realme.
Each corner threatneth Death: both farre and nere
Is Arthur hept. What if my force had faild,
And ſtandarde falne, and enſignes all beene tome,
And Roman troupes purſude me at the heeles,
With luckleſſe warres aſſaid in forreine ſoiles?
Now that our Fortune heapes vs up thus hie,
And heauens themſelues renewe our olde renowme;
Muſt we be darde? Nay, let that Pincocke come,
That knowes not yet himſelfe, nor Arthurs force,
That ne'r yet waged warres, that's yet to learne
To giue the charge: Yea let that Pincocke come,
With ſodayne Souldyers pampered vp in peace,
And gowned troupes, and wantons wayne with eaſe:
With ſluggiſh Saxons crewe, and Iriſh kerues,
And Scottiſh aide, and falſe reuhanked Picts,
Whoſe ſlaughters yet muſt teach their former foyle.
They ſhall perceaue with ſorrow e'r they part,
When all their toyles be tolde, that nothing workes
So great a waſt and ruine in this age,
As doe my warres. O Morored bleſſed Sonne:
No doubt, theſe market mates ſo highly hier'd
Muſt be the ſtay of thy vſurped ſtate.
And leaſt my head inclining now to yeares,
Should ioy the reſt, which yet it neuer reapt:
The Traytor Gilla, traind in treacherous iarres,
Is chiefe in armes, to reaue me of my Realme.
What corner (ah) for all my warres ſhall ſhrowde
My bloodleſſe age: what ſeate for due deſerts?

Whilſt

What towne, or field for auncient Souldiers reste
What houſe? What roffe? What walls for wearied limme?
Stretch out againe, ſtretch out your conquering handes,
Still muſt we vſe the force ſo often vſde.
To thoſe, that will purſue a wrong with wreke,
He giue th all, that once denies the right.
Thou ſoile which erſt Diana did ordaine
The certaine ſeate and bowre of wandring Brute:
Thou Realme which ay I reuerence as my Saint,
Thou ſtately Brytaine th'auncient tipe of Troy,
Beare with my forced wrongs: I am not he,
That willing would impeach thy peace with warres.
Lo here both farre and wide I Conquerour ſtand,
Arthur each where thine owne, thy Liedge, thy King.
Condemne not mine attempts: be, onely he
Is ſole in fault, that makes me thus thy foe.
Here I renounce all leagues and treats of truce,
Thou Fortune henceforth art my garde and guide.
Hence peace, on warres, runne Fates, let Mars be iudge,
I erſt did truſt to right, but now to rage.
Goe: tell the boy that Arthur feares no brags,
In vaine he ſeekes to braue it with his Sire.
I come (Mordred) I come, but to thy paine.
Yea, tell the boy his angry father comes,
To teach a Nouiſt both to die, and dare. Hercule Furio.

HOWE. If we without offence (O greateſt guide
Of Brytiſh name) may poure our iuſt complaints:
(Ile moſt millike that your too milde a mode
Hath thus withheld our handes and ſwords from ſtroke.
For what? were we behind in any helpe?
Or without cauſe did you miſdoubt our force,
Or truth ſo often tried with good ſucceſſe?
Goe to: Conduct your army to the fielde,
Place man to man, oppoſe vs to our foes:
As much we neede to worke, as wiſh your weale.

CADO. Seemes it ſo lowe to winne by cuiall warres?
Were it to goare with Pike my fathers haeſt,
Were it to riue and cleaue my brothers head,
Were it to teare peecemeale my deareſt childe,
I would inforce my grudging handes to helpe.
I cannot terme that place my natiue ſoyle,
Whereto your trumpets ſend their warrlike ſounds.
If caſe requir'd to batter downe the Towres
Of any Towne, that Arthur would deſtroy:
Yea, wer't of Brytaines ſelfe, which moſt I rede:
Her bulwarkes, fortreſſe, rampiers, walles and fence,
Theſe armes ſhould reare the Rams to runne them downe.
Wherefore ye Princes, and the reſt my mates,
If what I haue aſtred in all your names,
Be likewiſe ſuch as ſtands to your content,
Let all your Yeas anoint my promiſe true.

SOVL. Yea, yea, &c.

ASCH. Wherein renowmed King my ſelfe, or mine,
My life, my Kingdome, and all Denmarke powre
May ſerue your turne, account them all your owne.

KING of Norway. And whatſoe'r my force or Norwaie aide
May helpe in your attempts, I vow it here.

GAWI. As heretofore I always ſerude your heaſt,
So let this daie be iudge of Gawins truſt.
Either my brother Mordred dies the death
By mine aſſault, or I at leaſt by his.

ARTH. Since thus (my faithfull mates) with vowes alike,
And equall loue to Arthars cauſe you ioyne
In common care, to wreake my priuate wrongs:
Lift vp your Enſignes ofts, ſtretch out your ſtrengths,
Purſue your Fates, performe your hopes to Mars,
Loe here the laſt and outmoſt worke for blades.
This is the time that all our valour craues.
This time by due deſert reſtores againe
Our goods, our lands, our liues, our weale and all.
This time declares by Fates whoſe cauſe is beſt,
This, this condemnes the vanquiſht ſide of guilt.
Wherefore if for my ſake you ſcorne your ſelues,
And ſpare no ſword nor fire in my defence:
Then whiles my cenſure iuſtifies your cauſe,
Fight, fight amaine: and cleare your blades from crime.
The Iudge once changde, no warres are free from guilt.
The better cauſe giues vs the greater hope
Of proſperous warres, wherein if once I hap
To ſpie the wonted ſignes, that neuer faild me
Then guide, your threatning lookes, your firie eies,
And buſtling bodies preſt to preſent ſpoile:
The field is wonne. Euen then me thinkes I ſee
The wonted walls and ſcattered heads of foes,
The Iriſh carcas kickt, and Pictes oppreſt,
And Saxons ſlaine, to ſwim in ſtreames of bloud.
I quake with hope. I can aſſure you all,
Ile neuer had a greater match in hand.
March on: delaie no Fates whiles Fortune fawnes,
The greateſt praiſe of warres conſiſts in ſpeed.

Exeunt Regis et Cohors.

The fourth ſcene.

Cador, Arthur.

CADO. Since thus (victorious King) your Peeres, allies,
Your Lords, and all your powres be ready preſt,
For good, for bad, for whatſoe'r ſhall hap,
To ſpend both himme and life in your defence:
Caſt of all doubts, and reſt your ſelfe on Mars:

A hopeleſſe feare forbids a happy Fate.

ARTH. In ſooth (good Cador) ſo our Fortune fares,
As needes we muſt returne to wonted force.
To warres we muſt: but ſuch vnhappy warres,
As yeeld no hope for right or wrong to ſcape.
My ſelfe foreſees the Fate, it cannot fall
Without our deareſt blood: much may the minde
Of penſiue Sire preſage, whoſe Sonne ſo ſinnes.
All truth, all truſt, all blood, all bands be broke,
The ſeedes are ſowne that ſpring to future ſpoyle,
My Sonne, my Nephew, yea each ſide my ſelfe,
Never then all (woe's me) two nere, my foe.
Well: 'tis my plague for life ſo lewdly ledde,
The price of guilt is ſtill a heauier guilt.
For were it light, that eu'n by birth my ſelfe
Was bad, I made my ſiſter bad: nay were
That alſo light, I haue begot as bad.
Yea woſſe, an heire aſſignde to all our ſinnes.
Such was his birth: what baſe, what vnigar vice
Could once be look for of ſo noble blood?
The deeper guilt deſcends, the more it rooted:
The younger imps affect the huger crimes. Exeunt.

CHORVS.

1 When many men aſſent to ciuill warres,
And yeelde a ſuffradge to inforce the Fates;
No man bethinkes him of his owne mishappe,
But turnes that lucke vnto an other's ſhare.
Whereas if feare did firſt forewarne each foyle,
Such loue to fight would breed no Brytains bane.
And better were ſtill to preſerue our peace,
Then thus to vent for peace through waging warres.
What follie to forgoe ſuch certayne happes,
And in their ſteede to feede vncertayne hopes?
Such hopes as oft haue puft vp many a Realme,
Till croſſe ſucceſſe hath preſt it downe as deepe:
Whiles blind affection fetcht from priuate cauſe
Miſguiding wit hath maſkt in wiſedom's paile,
Pretending what in purpoſe it abhorr'd.

2 Peace hath three foes incamped in our breaſts,
Ambition, Wrath, and Enuie: which ſubdude,
We ſhould not faile to finde eternall peace.
'Tis in our powre to ſay it all at will,
And fewe there be, but if they will, they may:
But yet euen thoſe, who like the name of peace,
Through fond deſire repine at peace it ſelfe.
Betweene the hope whereof, and it it ſelfe,
A thouſand things may fall: that further warres.
The very ſpeech ſometimes and treats of truce,
Is raſht and cut a ſunder with the ſword.

Mostlely the name of peace doth edge our mindes,
And sharpeneth on our furie till we fight:
So that the mention made of loue and rest
Is oft a whetstone to our hate and rage.

3 Lo here the end, that Kingly pompe imparts,
The quiet rest, that Princely pallace plights.
Care vpon care, and euery day a newe
Fresh ryling tempest tires the tossed mindes.
Who striues to stand in pompe of Princely port,
On guiddy top and culme of slippery Court,
Findes oft a heauy Fate, whiles too much knowne
To all, he falles vnknowne vnto himselfe.
Let who so else that list, affect the name,
But let me seeme a Potentate to none:
My slender barke shall creepe anenst the shoare,
And shunne the windes, that sweepe the waltering waues.
Prowde Fortune ouerhippes the safest Roades,
And seekes vmidst the surging Seas those Seeles,
Whose lofty tops and tacklings touch the Cloudes.

4 O base, yet happy Bowes! O giftes of Gods
Scant yet perceau'd: when poudred Ermine roabes
With secrete sighes mistrusting their extreames,
In battefull breast forecast their foultring Fates,
And stirre, and striue, and stoome, and all in vaine:
Behold, the Peasant poore with tattered coate,
Whose eyes a meaner Fortune feedes with sleepe,
How safe and sound the careless Snudge doth snore.
Low roofted lurkes the house of slender hap,
Colelesse, not gay without, scant cleane within:
Yet safe: and oftner shroudes the hoary haires,
Then haughty Turrets reard with curious art,
To harbour heads that wield the golden Creast.
With endlesse carke in glorious Courts and Townes,
The troubled hopes and trembling feares doe dwell.

The Argument of the fourth Act.

1 IN the first Scene **Gildas** and **Conan** conferre of the state of **Bzytaine.**

2 In the Second Scene **Nuntius** maketh report of the whole battaile, with the death of **Mozdred** and **Arthurs** and **Cadozs** deadly wound.

3 In the third Scene **Gildas** and **Conan** lament the infortunate state of the Countrie.

The

¶ *The Argument and manner of the* fourth dumbe shewe.

DVring the Musicke appointed after the third act, there came a Lady Cou
ly attyred with a counterfaite Childe in her armes, who walked softly
the Stage. From an other place there came a King Crowned, who likew
walked on an other part of the Stage. From a third place there came foure Soul
ers all armed, who spying this Lady and King, vpon a sodaine pursued the Lac
from whom they violently tooke her Childe and flung it against the walles; Sh
in mournefull sort wringing her hands passed her way. Then in like manner th
sette on the King, tearing his Crowne from his head, and casting it in peeeces v
der feete draue him by force away; And so passed themselues ouer the Stage.
this was meant the fruit of Warre, which spareth neither man woman nor chil
with the ende of *Mordreds* vsurped Crowne.

THE FOVRTH ACT and first scene.

Gildas. Conan.

GILD. LORD Conan, though I know how hard a thing
It is, for mindes trainde vp in Princely Thrones,
To heare of ought against their humor's course:
Yet: sithence who forbiddeth not offence,
If well he may, is cause of such offence:
I could haue wisht (and blame me not my Lord)
Your place and countenance both with Sonne and Sire,
Had more preuailde on either side, then thus
T'haue left a Crowne in danger for a Crowne
Through ciuill warres, our Countries wonted woe.
Whereby the Kingdom's wound still festring deepe,
Sucks vp the mischefe's humor to the hart.
The staggering state of Brytaines troubled braines,
Headsicke, and sore incumbred in her Crowne,
With giddy steps runnes on a headlong race.
Whereto this tempest tend's, or where this storme
Will breake, who knowes? But Gods auert the worst.

CONA. Now surely (Gildas) as my duety stood,
Indifferent for the best to Sonne and Sire:
So (I protest) since these occasions grewe,
That in the depth of my desire to please,
I more esteemde what honest faith requir'd
In matters meete for their estates and place:
Than how to feede each fond affection prone
To bad effects, whence their disgrace mought growe.
And as for Mordreds desperate and disloyall plots,

They had bene none, or fewer at the leaſt,
Had I preuail'd: which Arthur knowes right well.
But cu'n as Counters goe ſometimes for one,
Sometimes for thouſands more, ſometimes for none:
So men in greateſt countnance with their King,
Can worke by fit perſwaſion ſometimes much:
But ſometimes leſſe: and ſometimes nought at all.

GILD. Well: wee that haue not ſpent our time in warres,
But bent our courſe at peace, and Countries weale,
May rather now expect what ſtrange euent,
And Chaunce inſues of theſe ſo rare attempts:
Then enter to diſcourſe vpon their cauſe,
And erre as wide in words, as they in deedes.

GONA. And Lo: to ſatiſfie your wiſh therein,
Where comes a Souldier ſweating from the Camps.

The ſecond ſcene.

Nuncius.

NVNC. THy Dale Eccho ſhrill that haunteſt the hollow hilles,
Leaue off that wont to ſnatch the latter word:
Howle on a whole diſcourſe of our diſtreſſe,
Clippe of no clauſe: ſound out a perfect ſenſe.

GILD. What freſh miſhap (alas) what newe annoy,
Remoues our penſiue mindes from wonted woes,
And yet requires a newe lamenting moode?
Declare: we ioy to handle all our harmes:
Our many griefes haue taught vs ſtill to mourne.

NVNC. But (ah) my tounge denies my ſpeech his aide:
Great force doth driue it forth: a greater keepes
It in. True ſurpriſde with wonteleſſe woes.

CONA. Speake on, what griefe ſo e'r our Fates afford.

NVNC. Small griefes can ſpeake: the great aſtoniſht ſtand.

GILD. What greater ſinnes could hap, then what be paſt?
What miſchiefes could be meant, more then were wrought?

NVNC. And thinke you theſe to be an end to ſinnes?
No. Crime proceedes: thoſe made but one degree.
What miſchiefes earſt were done, terme ſacred deedes:
Call nothing ſinne, but what hath ſince inſu'd.
A greater griefe requires your teares: Behold
Theis freſh annoyes: your laſt miſhaps be ſtale.

CONA. Tell on (my friend) ſuſpend our mindes no more:
Hath Arthur loſt? hath Mordred wonne the field?

NVNC. O: nothing leſſe. Would Gods it were but ſo.
Arthur hath wonne: but we haue loſt the field.
The field? May all the Realme, and Brytaines bounds.

GILD. How ſo? If Arthur wonne, what could we looſe?
You ſpeake in cloudes, and caſt perplexed words.
Unfolde at large: and ſort out lotrowes out.

Then

NVNC. Then liſt a while: this inſtant ſhall vnwrappe
Thoſe acts, thoſe warres, thoſe hard euents, that all
The future age ſhall eu'r haue cauſe to curſe.
Now that the time drewe on, when both the Campes
Should meet in Cornwell fieldes th'appointed place:
The reckeleſſe troupes, whom Fates forbad to ſtirre
Till noone, or night, did ſtorme and raue for warres.
They ſwarmde about their Guydes, and cluſtring caſt
For ſignes to fight, and fierce with wrongs fell,
They onwards haſtd the haſtning howres of death.
A direfull frenzie roſe: ech man his owne,
And publike Fates all heedleſſe headlong flung.
On Mordreds ſide were ſixtie thouſande men,
Some borowed powres, ſome Brytans hyred at home.
The Saxons, Iriſh, Normans, Pictes, and Scottes
Were firſt in place, the Brytanes followed laſt.
On Arthurs ſide there were as manie more.
Iſlandians, Gothes, Norwegians, Albanes, Danes,
Were forraine aides, which Arthur brought from Fraunce,
A truſtie troupe, and tryed at many a trench.
That nowe the day was come, wherein our State
For aye ſhould fall, whenceforth men might inquire
What Brytaine was: theſe warres thus neere bewaide.
Nor could the Heauens no longer hide theſe harmes,
But by prodigious ſignes portende our plagues.
For lo: er both the Campes encountering coapt,
The Skies and Poles oppoſed themſelues with ſtormes.
Both Eaſt, and Weſt with tempeſtes darke were dimm'd,
And ſhowres of hayle, and Rayne outragious powr'd.
The Heauens were rent, ech ſide the lightnings flasht,
And Clowdes with hideous clappes did thundering roare.
The armies all agaſt did ſenſeleſſe ſtand,
Miſtruſting much, both Foze, and Foes, and Fates.
T'was harde to ſay, which of the two appal'd
Them moſt, the monſtrous ayre, or too much feare.
When Arthur ſpide his Souldiers thus amaz'd,
And hope extinct, and deadly dreade drawne on:
My mates (quoth he) the Gods doe ſhowre the ſkies,
To ſee whoſe cauſe and courage craues their care.
The Fates contende to worke ſome ſtraunge euent:
And Fortune ſeeks by ſtormes in Heauens and Earth,
What pagions ſhe may play for my behoofe.
Of whom ſhe knowes, ſhe then deſerues not well,
When lingring ought, ſhe comes not at the firſt.
Thus ſaide: reioycing at his daunteleſſe minde,
They all reuiude, and former feare recoylde.
By that the light of Titan's troubled beames
Had peacefully ſcattered downe the drowping fogges,
And greeted both the Campes with mutuall viewe:
Their choller ſwelles, whiles fell diſpoſed mindes
Bounce in their breaſtes, and ſtirre vncertayne ſtormes.

Then palenes wanne and sterne with chearelesse chaunge,
Poslessing bleake their lippes and bloodlesse chekes,
With troublous trembling shewes their death is nere.
When Mordred sawe the danger thus approacht,
And boystrous throngs of Warriers threatning blood:
His instant runnes gaue a nodde at Fates,
And minde though prone to Mars, yet daunted paused.
The hart which promist earst a sure successe,
Now throbs in doubts: nor can his owne attempts,
Affoorde him feare, nor Arthurs yeelde him hope.
This passion lasts not long, he soone recalls
His auncient guise, and wonted rage returnes.
He loathes delayes, and scorcht with Sceptres lust,
The time and place, wherein he oft had wisht
To hazarde all vpon extreamest Chaunce,
He offred spies, and spide pursues with speede.
Then both the Armies mette with equall might,
This stird with wrath, that with desire to rule:
And equall prowesse was a spurre to both.
The Irish King whirlde out a poysned Dart,
That lighting pearced deepe in Howels haines,
A peerelesse Prince and nere of Arthurs blood.
Hereat the Aire with vprore lowde resoundes,
Which efts on mountains rough reboumding reares.
The Trumpets hoarce their trembling tunes doe teare:
And thundring Drummes their dreadfull Larums ring.
The Standards hoad are blowne, and Enlignes spread,
And euery Nation bends his wonted warres.
Some nere their foes, some further off doe wound,
With dart, or sword, or shaft, or pike, or speare,
The weapons hide the Heauens: a night compolde
Of warrelike Engines ouershades the field.
From euery side these fatall signes are sent:
And boystrous bangs with thumping thwacks fall thicke.
Had both these Camps beene of blurping Kings,
Had euery man thereof a Mordred beene,
No fiercelier had they fought for all their Crownes.
The murthers meaneles wart, no art in sight,
Nor way to ward nor trie each others skill,
But thence the blade, and hence the blood ensues.
CONA. But what: Did Mordreds eyes indure this sight?
NVNC. They did. And he himselfe the spurre of friends
And Gorgons all, least any part of his
Scapt free from guilt, enflamde their mindes to wrath.
And, with a valure more, then Acctue yeelds,
He chearde them all, and at their backe with long
Outreached speare, stirde vp each lingring hand.
All furie like frounst vp with frantick frets.
He bids them leaue and shunne the meaner sort,
He shewes the Kings, and Brytaines noblest peeres.
GILD. He was not now to seeke what blood to drawe:

He

He knewe what iuice refresht his fainting Crowne.
Too much of Arthurs hart. O had he wist
How great a vice such vertue was as then.
In Ciuill warres, in rooting vp his Realme?
O frantike fury, farre from Natures praise.

NVNC. There fell Aschillus stout of Denmarke King,
There valiant Gawin Arthurs Nephew deare,
And late by Augels death made Albane King,
By Mordreds hand hath lost both life and Crowne.
There Gilla wounded Cador Cornish Duke,
In hope to winne the Dukedome for his meede.
The Norway King, the Saxons Duke, and Picts,
In wofull sort fell grouling to the ground.
There Prince and Peasant both lay hurlde on heapes:
Mars frownde on Arthurs mates: the Fates wart fierce,
And iointly ranne their race with Mordreds rage.

CONA. But with what toy (alas) shall he returne,
That thus returnes, the happier for this fielde?

NVNC. These odds indure not long, for Mars retires,
And Fortune pleasde with Arthurs moderate feare,
Returnes more full, and friendlyer then her woont.
For when he saw the powers of Fates oppoasde,
And that the dreadfull houre thus hastened on:
Perplexed much in minde, at length resolues,
That feare is couered best by daring most.
Then forth he pitcht: the Saxon Duke withstoode,
Whom with one stroke he headlesse sent to Hell.
Not farre from thence he spide the Irish King,
Whose life he tooke as price of broken truce.
Then Cador forward prest, and haplie mette
The Traytor Gilla, worker of these warres,
Of whom by death he tooke his due reuenge.
The remnant then of both the Camps concurre,
They Brytaines all, or most: few Forreines left.
These wage the warres, and hence the deaths insue.
Nor t'one, nor t'other side, that can destroy
His foes so fast, as tis it selfe destroyed.
The brethren broach their blood: the Sire his Sonnes,
The Sonne againe would proue by too much Wrath,
That he, whom thus he slew, was not his Sire.
No blood nor kinne can swage their trefull moodes.
No forreine foe they seeke, nor care to finde:
The Brytaines blood is sought on euery side.
A vaine discourse it were to paint at large
The seuerall Fates, and foiles of either side.
To tell what grones and sighes the parting Ghosts
Sent forth: who dying bare the fellest breast:
Who chaunged cheare at any Brytaines fall:
Who oftnest stroke: who best bestowde his blade:
Who ventred most: who stoode: who fell: who failde:
Th'effect declares it all: thus far'd the field.

Of both theſe hoaſts ſo huge and maine at firſt,
There were not left on either ſide a ſcore.
For Sonne, and Sire to winne, and loſe the Realme.
The which when Mordred ſaw, and that his Sire
Gainſt foes, and Fates themſelues would winne the field.
He ſigh'd, and twirt deſpaire and rage he cryed,
Here (Arthur) here, and hence the Conqueſt comes:
Whiles Mordred liues, the Crowne is yet vnwonne.
Hereat the prince of prowesſe much amaz'd,
With thrilling teares, and countnance caſt on ground,
Did groaning fetch a deepe and earneſtfull ſigh.
Anone they fierce encountering both concur'd,
With grieſly lookes, and faces like their Fates:
But diſpar mindes, and inward moodes vnlike.
The Sire with minde to ſafegard both, or t'one:
The Sonne to ſpoile the t'one, or hazard both.
No feare, nor feilnes failde on either ſide:
The wager lay on both their liues and bloods.
At length when Mordred ſpyde his force to faint,
And felt him ſelfe oppreſt with Arthurs ſtrength,
(O hapleſſe lad, a match vnmeete for him)
He loathes to liue in that afflicted ſtate,
And valiant with a forced vertue, longs
To die the death: in which perplexed minde,
With grenning teeth, and crabbed lookes he cryes,
I cannot winne: yet will I not be wonne.
What ſhould we ſhun our Fates, or play with Mars,
Or thus defraude the warres of both our bloods?
Whereto doe we reſerue our ſelues? Or why
Be we not ſought ere this, amongeſt the dead?
So many thouſands murthred in our cauſe,
Muſt we ſuruiue, and neither winne nor loſe?
The Fates that will not ſmile on either ſide,
May frowne on both: So ſaying forth he flings,
And deſperate runs on point of Arthurs Sword,
(A Sword (alas) prepar'd for no ſuch vſe)
Whereon engoar'de he glides, till nere approche,
With dying hand he hewes his fathers head.
So through his owne annoy, he ropes his Liedge:
And gaines by death acceſſe to daunt his Sire.
There Mordred fell, but like a Prince he fell.
And as a braunch of great Pendragons grafte
His life breaths out, his eyes forſake the Sunne,
And fatall Cloudes inferre a laſting Clips.
There Arthur ſtaggering ſcant ſuſtaind him ſelfe,
There Cador found a deepe and deadly woumd,
There ceaſt the warres, and there was Brytaine loſt.
There lay the choſen youths of Mars, there lay
The perreleſſe Knights, Bellonas braueſt traine.
There lay the Mirrours rare of Martiall praile,
There lay the hope and braunch of Brute ſuppreſt.

There

There Fortune laid the prime of Brytaines pride,
There laide her pompe, all topsie turnie turnde. Exit.

The third scene.

Gildas, Conan.

GILD. COme cruell griefes, spare not to stretch our strengths,
While bailefull breastes inuite our thumping fists.
Let euery signe, that mournefull passions worke,
Expresse what piteous plightes our mindes amaze.
This day supplants what no day can supply,
These handes haue wrought those wastes, that neuer age,
Nor all the bloode of Brute shall e'r repaire.
That future men may ioy the surer rest,
These warres preuent their birth, and nip their spring.
What Nations earst the former age subdude
With bourelie toples to Brytaines yoke, this day
Hath set at large, and backwardes turnde the Fates.
Henceforth the Kernes may safely tread their boggs:
The Scots may now their inrodes olde renewe,
The Saxons well may vow their former clainnes,
And Danes without their danger driue vs out.
These warres found not the'effect of woonted warres,
Nor both their waight the like impression worke:
There seuerall Fates annoyde but seuerall men,
Heere all the Realme and people finde one Fate.
What there did reache but to a Souldiers death,
Containes the death of all a Nation here.
These blades haue giuen this Ile a greater wounde,
Then tyme can heale. The fruite of ciuill warres:
A Kingdom's hand hath goard a Kingdom's heart,

CONA. When Fame shall blaze theis acts in latter yeares,
And time to come so many ages hence
Shall ekts report our toyles and Brytish paynes:
Or when perhaps our Childrens Childrien reade,
Our woefull warres displaid with skilfull penne:
They'l thinke they heere some sounds of future facts,
And not the ruines olde of pompe long past.
Twill mooue their mindes to ruth, and frame a fresh
New hopes, and feares, and vowes, and many a wish,
And Arthurs cause shall still be fauour'd most.
He was the ioy, and hope, and hap of all,
The Realmes defence, the sole delay of Fates,
He was our wall and forte, twice thirteene yeares
His shoulders did the Brytaine state support.
While yet he raignd, no forren foes preuaile,
Nor once could hope to binde the Brytaine bounds:
But still both farre and nere were forc'd to flie,

They thall to vs, we to our ſelues were free.
But now, and hencefoorth aye, adue that hope,
Adue that pompe, that freedome, rule and all:
Let Saxons now, let Normans, Danes, and Scottes,
Enioye our medowes, fieldes, and pleaſant plaines:
Come, let vs flye to Mountaines, Cliffes and Rockes,
A Nation hurt, and ne'r in caſe to heale.
Hencefoorth the waight of Fates thus ſalne aſide,
We reſt ſecure from feare of greater foile:
Our leaſure ſerues to thinke on former times,
And know what earſt we were, who now are thus. Exeunt.

CHORVS.

1 O Brytaines proſperous ſtate were heauenlye powers
But halfe ſo willing to preſerue thy peace,
As they are prone to plague thee for thy warres.
But thus (O Gods) yea, thus it likes you ſtill.
When you decree to turne, and touſe the worlde,
To make our errors cauſe of your decrees.
We fretting fume, and burning war right wood,
We crye for ſwordes, and harmefull harneſſe craue,
We raſhly raue, whiles from our preſent rage,
You frame a cauſe of long foredeemed doome.
2 When Brytaine ſo deſir'd her owne decaie,
That eu'n her native bloode would roote her vp:
Seamde it ſo huge a wounde, (O heauens) for you
To tumble downe, and quite ſubuert her ſtate,
Vnleſſe ſo many Nations came in aide?
What thirſt of ſpoile (O Fates!) In ciuill warres
Were you afraide to faint for want of bloode?
But yet, O wretched ſtate in Brytaines fond,
What needed they to ſtoope to Mordreds yoke,
Or feare the man themſelues ſo fearefull made?
Had they, but lynckt like friendes in Arthurs handes,
And ioynde their force againſt the forren foes:
Theſe warres and ciuill ſtunes had ſoone ſurceaſt,
And Mordred reft of rule had feard his Sire.
3 Would Gods theſe warres had drawne no other blood,
Then ſuch as ſpoong from breaſts of forreine foes:
So that the fountaine, fedde with chaungeleſſe courſe,
Had found no neerer vents for dearer lyce.
Or if the Fates ſo thirſt for Britiſh blood,
And long ſo deepely for our laſt decaie:
O that the reſt were ſparde and ſafe reſeru'd,
Both Saxons, Danes, and Normans moſt of all.
Heereof when ciuill warres haue worne vs out,
Muſt Brytaine ſtand, a borrowed bloode for Brute.
4 When proſperous haps, and long continuing bliſſe,
Haue paſt the ripeneſſe of their budding growth,
They fall and foulter like the mellow fruite,

Sur-

Surcharg'd with burden of their owne exceſſe.
So Fortune wearyed with our often warres,
Is forc'd to faint, and leaue vs to our fates.
If men haue mindes preſaging ought their harmes,
If euer heauie heart foreweene her woe:
What Brytaine liues, ſo far remou'd from home,
In any Ayre, or Pole, or Coaſt abroade:
But that euen now through Natures ſole inſtinct,
Her feeles the fatall ſword imbrue his breaſt,
Wherewith his native ſoyle for aye is ſtaine?
What hopes, and happes lye waſted in theſe warres?
Who knowes the ſoyles he ſuffered in theſe fieldes?

The argument of the fift Act.

1 IN the firſt ſcene **Arthur** and **Cador** returned deadlie wounded and bewaild the miſfortune of themſelues and their Countrie, and are likewiſe bewailed of the **Chorus**.

2 In the ſeconde ſcene the Ghoaſt of **Gorlois** returneth reioycing at his reuendge, and wiſhing euer after a happier **Fate** vnto **Brytaine**, which done, he deſcendeth where he firſt roſe.

¶ *The Argument and manner of the firſt and laſt dumbe ſhewe.*

SOunding the Muſicke, foure gentlemen all in blacke halfe armed, halfe vnarmed with blacke ſkarffes ouerthwart their ſhoulders ſhould come vppon the ſtage. The firſt bearing aloſte in the one hand on the trunchion of a ſpeare an Helmet, an arming ſworde, a Gaundlet, &c. repreſenting the Trophear in the other hand a Target depicted with a mans hart ſore wounded & the blood guſhing out, crowned with a Crowne imperiall and a Lawrell garland, thus written in the toppe. *En totum quod ſuperest*, ſignifying the King of *Norway* which ſpent himſelfe and all his power for *Arthur*, and of whom there was left nothing but his heart to inioy the conqueſt that inſued. The ſeconde bearing in the one hand a ſilver veſſell full of golde, pearles, and other iewels repreſenting the *Spoliat* in the other hande a Target with an Olephant and Dragon thereon fiercely combacking, the Dragon vnder the Olephant and ſucking by his extreme heate the blood from him is cruſhed in pecces with the fall of the Olephant, ſo as both die at laſt, this written aboue, *Victor, an Victus?* repreſenting the King of *Denmarke*, who fell through *Mordreds* wound, having firſt with his ſouldiers deſtroyed the moſt of *Mordreds* armie. The third bearing in the one hand a *Pyramis* with a Lawrell wreath about it repreſenting victorie. In the other hand a Target with this deuiſe: a man ſleeping, a ſnake drawing neere to ſting him, a Leazard preuenting the Snake by fight, the Leazard being deadlie wounded awaketh the man, who ſeeing the Leazard dying, purſnes the Snake, and kils it, this written aboue, *Tibi morimur*. Signifying *Gawin* King of *Albanye* ſlaine in *Arthurs* defence by *Mordred*, whom *Arthur* afterwardes ſlewe. The fourth bearing in the one hande a broken piller, ar the toppe thereof the Crowne and ſcepter of the vanquiſht King, both broken aſunder, repreſenting the conqueſt ouer vſurpation: in the other hand a Target with two Cockes painted thereon, the one lying dead, the other

ther with his winges broken, his eyes pecked out, and the bloode euerye where gushing foorth to the grounde, he standing vppon the dead Cocke and crowing ouer him, with this emblème in the toppe, *Quæ vici, perdidi*, signifying *Cador* deadly wounded by *Gilla* whom he slewe. After these followed a King languishing in complet Harnesse blacke, brused & battered vnto him, besprinkled with blood. On his head a Lawrell garland, leaning on the shoulders of two Heraults in mourning gownes & hoods, th' on in *Mars* his coate of arms, the other in *Arthurs*, presenting *Arthur* victoriously but yet deadly wounded. there followed a page with a Target whereon was portraited a Pellican pecking her blood out of her breſt to feede her young ones, through which wound she dieth, this writen in the toppe, *Quæ foui, perit*, signifying *Arthurs* too much indulgensie of *Mordred*, the cause of his death. All this represented the dismayed and vnfortunate victorie of *Arthur*, which is the matter of the Act insuing.

THE FIFT ACT and first Scene.

Arthur, Cador, Chorus.

ARTH. COme Cador, as our frendship was most firme
Throughout our age, so now let's linke as fast.
Thus did we liue in warres, thus let vs dye
In peace, and arme in arme pertake our Fates.
Our woundes, our greefe, our wish, our hap alike,
Our end so neere, all craue eche others helpe.

CADO. O King, beholde the fruite of all our Fame:
Lo here our Pompe consumed with our selues,
What all our age with all our warres had wonne,
Loe here one day hath lost it all at once.
Welllo it likes the Heauens: thus Fortune gibes:
She hoyseth vp to hurle the deeper downe.

CHOR. O sacred Prince, what sight is th'is we see?
Why haue the Fates reserv'd vs to these woes
Our onely hope: the stay of all our Realme:
The piller of our state: thus lore oppreſt?
O would the Gods had fauour'd vs so much:
That, as we liu'd partakers of your paines,
And likewise loyde the fruit of your explotes:
So hauing thus bereft our Soueraignes blisse,
They had with more indifferent doome coniojnd
The Subiects both, and Soueraignes bane in one.
Ie now (alas) ingendereth double greefe,
To rue your want, and to bewaile our woes.

ARTH. Rue not my Brytaines what my rage hath wrought,
But blame your King, that thus hath rent your Realme.
My meaneleſſe moodes haue made the Fates thus fell,
And too much anger wrought in me too much.
For had impatient ire mou'rde abuſe,

And

And yeelded where reſiſtance threatned ſpoyle:
I mought haue liu'd in foreine coaſtes vnfoylde,
And ſix ſcore thouſand men had bene vnmoande.
But wrong incenſing wrath to take reuenge
Preferred Chaunce before a better choyſe.

CHOR. 2 T'was Mordreds wyong and to vniuſt deſertes
That iuſtly moude your highneſſe to ſuch wrath:
Your claime requir'd no leſſe then thoſe attempts:
Your cauſe right good was prais'd, and praide for moſt.

ARTH. I claimd my Crowne, the cauſe of claime was good,
The meanes to clame it in ſuch ſorte was bad.
Yea: rather then my Realme and natiue ſoile
Should wounded fall, thus hyuled with theſe warres:
I ſhould haue left both Realme, and right, and all:
Or dur'd the death or daind by Mordreds oath.

CADO. And yet ſo farre as Mars couldbe bide a meane,
You hateleſſe ſought the ſafegard of them all.
Whereto the better cauſe, or badder Chaunce
Did drawe, you ſtill inclinde: preferring oft
The weaker ſide, ſometimes for loue, ſometimes
For right, (as Fortune ſwaide) your Sonne, your ſelfe.
So pittie ſpar'd, what reaſon ſought to ſpoyle:
Till all at length, with equall ſpoyle was ſpent.

CHOR. 3 Could Gods your minde had felt no ſuch remoyſe,
And that your foes had no ſuch fauour foumde.
So mought your friends haue had far frendlier Fates,
If Rebels for their due deſerts had dyde.
The wickeds death is ſafety to the iuſt.
To ſpare the Traitors, was to ſpoile the true.
Of force he hurtes the good, that helpes the bad.
In that you ſought your Countries gaine, t'was well:
In that you ſhunned not her loſſe, t'was hard.
Good is the frend, that ſeekes to do vs good:
A mighty frend, that doth preuent our harmes.

ARTH. Well: ſo it was: it cannot be redreſt:
The greater is my greefe, that ſees it ſo.
My lyfe (I feele) doth fade, and ſorrowes flowe,
The rather that my name is thus extinct.
In this reſpect, ſo Mordred did ſucceede,
O, that my ſelfe had ſlaine, and Mordred liu'd:
That hauing conquer'd all my foes but him,
I mought haue left you him, that conquer'd me.
O heauie wretched lott eto be the laſt
That falles, to viewe the buriall of my Realme.
Where each man elſe hath fealt his ſeuerall Fate,
I onely pine oppreſt with all their Fates.

CHOR. 4 Although your highneſſe do ſuſteine ſuch greefe,
As needes enforceth all your Realme to rue:
Yet ſince ſuch ruth affordeth no releefe,
Let due diſcretion ſwage each cureleſſe ſore,

And beare the harmes, that run without redreſſe.
The loſſe is ours, that looſe ſo rare a Prince,
You onely win, that ſee your foe here foilde.

ARTH. A cauſeleſſe foe. When warres did call me hence
He was in yeares but young, in wit too olde.
As vertue ſhineth moſt in comlieſt wightes,
When inward gifts are deckt with outward grace:
So did his witte and feature fœde that hope,
Which falſely trainde me to this wofull hap.
His minde traſt framed thus, I cannot chuſe
But long to ſee what change his face luſtaines.
My blood and kinred doubled in his birth,
Inſpires a mixt, and twice deſcending loue,
Which drives my dying vaines to wiſh his viewe.
Unhealme his luckeleſſe head, let bare his face:
That face which earſt prevail'd me and mine to much.

CHOR. Sir (worthieſt King) the hope of all your Realme,
Had not his luſt to rule preuented all.

ARTH. I ſee (alas) I ſee (hide, hide againe:
O ſpare mine eyes) a witneſſe of my crimes:
A fearefull viſion of my former guilte:
A dreadfull horror of a future doome:
A preſent gaule of minde. O happie they,
Whoſe ſpotleſſe liues attaine a dreadleſſe death.
And thou, O hapleſſe boye, O ſpight of Fates,
(What nought I terme thee, Nephew, Sonne, or both:)
Alas, how happie ſhould we both haue bene,
If no ambitious thought had vext thy head.
Nor thou thus ſtrivde to reaue thy Fathers rule,
But ſtaide thy tyme, and not forſtalde vs both?

CADO. The hoat ſpurde youth that foylte the foyward ſteedes,
Whiles nedes he would his Fathers Chariot guide,
Neglecting what his Sire had ſaid in charge,
The fires, which firſt he flung about the poles,
Himſelfe at laſt moſt wofull wretch inflamde.
So to much loue to honor in the Heauens
Made him to pate the price of raſh attemptes.

ARTH. What ruth, (ah,) rent the woful Fathers hart,
That ſawe himſelfe thus made a Sonneleſſe Sire?
Well: ſince both Heauens and Hell conſpir'd in one,
To make our endes a mirror to the worlde,
Both of inceſtious life, and wicked birth:
Would Gods the Fates that linckt our faultes alike,
Had alſo fram'de our minds of frendlier mouldes:
That, as our linage had approcht too nere,
So our affections had not ſwarv'd to farre.
Then mought I liu'd t'inlarge the Brytaines praiſe,
In rearing efts the firſt triumphant Troy
And after thou ſucceeding mine attempts,
Haue ſpent thy courage in a luſter caule.
But t'would not be: Ambition grew to greate:

The breathleſſe body of Mordred in Armour as he fell is brought vpon the Stadge.

The

Wee could not ioyne our mindes: our Fates we ſoynde:
And through thy blood, a way was made to mine.
CHOR. And muſt we needes (O worthieſt Peeres) forgoe,
2 By this vntimely Fate our greateſt hope?
That in your ripeſt yeares and likelyeſt time,
Your chiefeſt force ſhould on this ſodaine fall?
CHOR. Haue you throughout your youth made Brytaines pompe
3 A Soueraigne of ſo many Nations ſtout,
To th'end ere halfe your age vntimely death
Should leaue vs Subiect to our wonted foiles?
CHOR. Sea ſea, our idle hopes, our brittle truſt,
4 Our vaine deſires, our ouer fickle ſtate.
Which, though a while they ſayle on quiet ſeas,
Yet ſinke in ſurge, ere they arriue to Rode.
O wofull warres, O Mordreds curſed pride,
That thus hath wrought both King, and Kingdomes woe.
CADO. Let plaints and mournings paſſe, let moanes a part.
They made much of themſelues: Yea too too much
They lou'd to liue, that ſeing all their Realme
Thus topſie turuey turnd, would grudge to dye.
ARTH. Yea ſure: ſince this (O Fates) your cenſure ſeemes,
That free from force of foreine foes, there reſts,
That Mordred reape the glory of our deaths:
Bit ſo: driue on your doome, worke your decree:
Wee feareleſſe bide what bane ſo e're you bidde.
And though our ends thus haſtened though your heaſts,
Abruptly breake the courſe of great attempts:
Yet goe we not inglorious to the ground:
Set with a part: we haue perfourmd inough.
The Iriſh King and Nation wilde we tamde:
The Scots and Picts, and Orcade Iſles we wanne:
The Danes and Gothes and Friſeland men with all
The Iſles inſerted nere thoſe Seas, And next
The Germaine King, and Saxons we ſubdude.
Not Fraunce, that could preuaile againſt our force,
Nor lackly Rome, that rues her pride ſuppreſt.
Eeh foreine power is parcell of our praiſe,
No titles want to make our foes affraide.
This onely now I craue (O Fortune erſt
My faithfull friend) let it be leone forgot,
Nor long in munde, nor mouth, where Arthur fell.
Yea: though I Conquerour die, and full of Fame:
Yet let my death and parture reſt obſcure.
No graue I neede (O Fates) nor buriall rights,
Nor ſtately hearce, nor tombe with haughty toppe:
But let my Carkaſſe lurke: yea, let my death
Be ay vnknowen, ſo that in euery Coaſt
I ſtill be feard, and lookt for euery houre.

Exeunt. Arthur & Cador.

CHOR. Lo here the end that Fortune ſends at laſt
1 To him, whom firſt ſhe heard to higheſt happe.

The flattering looke wherewith he long was led:
The ſmiling Fates, that oft had fedde his Fame:
The many warres and Conqueſts, which he gaind,
Are daſht at once: one day interres that ſoile,
Whereof ſo many yeares of yore were freé.

CHOR. O willing world to magnifie man's ſtate:
2 O moſt unwilling to maintaine the ſame.
Of all miſfortunes and unhappy Fates,
Th'unhappieſt hæmes, to haue beene hapte once.
T'was Arthur ſole, that neuer found his ioyes
Diſturb'd with woe, nor woes releu'd with ioye.
In proſperous ſtate all heauenly powres alyr'd:
Now made a wretch, not one, that ſpares his ſpoile.

CHOR. Yea Fortunes ſelfe in this afflicted caſe,
3 Exacts a paine for long continued pompe.
She vegeth now the bliſſe of wonted weale,
And beares him downe with waight of former Fame.
His prayſes paſt be preſent ſhame: O tickle truſt:
Whiles Fortune chops and chaungeth euery Chaunce,
What certaine bliſſe can we enioy a liue,
Unleſſe, whiles yet our bliſſe endures, we die?

CHOR. Yea: ſince before his laſt and outmoſt gaſpe,
4 None can be deémde a happy man or bleſt,
Who dares commit him ſelfe to proſperous Fates,
Whole death prepardé attends not hard at hand?
That ſithence death muſt once determine all,
His life may ſooner flie, then Fortune flitte.

The ſecond ſcene.

Gorlois.

GORL. NOw Gorlois ſwage thy ſelfe. Pride hath his pay:
Murther his price: Adulterie his deſert:
Treaſon his meéde: Diſloyaltie his doome:
Wrong hath his wreake: and Guilt his guerdon bearés.
Not one abuſe erſt offered by thy foes
But ſince moſt eternely puniſht, is now purg'd.
Where thou didſt fall, en'n on the ſelfe ſame ſoile
Pendragon, Arthur, Mordred, and their ſtocke,
Found all their foiles: not one hath ſcapte reuenge:
Their line from firſt to laſt quite razed out.
Now reſt content, and worke no further plagues:
Let future age be freé from Gorlois Ghoſt.
Let Brytaine hencefoyth bath in endleſſe weale.
Let Virgo conie from Heauen, the glorious Starre:
The Zodiac's ioy: the Planets chiefe delight:
The hope of all the yeare: the eaſe of Skies:
The Aires reliefe, the comfort of the Earth.
That vertuous Virgo borne for Brytaines bliſſe:

That

That piereleſſe braunch of Brute: that ſweete remaine
Of Priam's ſtate: that hope of ſpringing Troy:
Which time to come, and many ages hence
Shall of all warres compound eternall peace,
Let her reduce the golden age againe,
Religion, eaſe, and wealth of former woꝛld.
Yea, let that Virgo come and Saturnes raigne,
And yeares oft ten times tolde expiede in peace.
A Rule, that elſe no Realme ſhall euer finde,
A Rule moſt rare, vnheard, vnſeene, vnread,
The ſole example that the woꝛld affoꝛdes.
That (Brytaine) that Renowme, yea that is thine.
Wit ſo: my wrath is wrought. Pe furies blacke
And vgliſt ſhapes, that houle in holes beneath:
Thou Orcus darke, and deepe Auernas nooke,
With dulkiſh dennes out gnawne in gulfes belowe,
Receaue your ghaſtly charge, Duke Gorlois Ghoaſt:
Make roome: I gladly thus reuenged returne.
And though your paine ſurpaſſe: I greete them tho:
Pe hates each other heanen, that haunteth Hell.

Deſcendit.

EPILOGVS.

SEe heere by this the tickle truſt of tyme:
The falſe affiance of each moꝛtall foꝛce,
The wauering waight of Fates: the fickell trace,
That Fortune trips: the many mockes of life:
The cheereleſſe change: the eaſeleſſe brunes and broyles,
That man abides: the reſtleſſe race he runnes.
But moſt of all, ſee heere the peereleſſe paines:
The laſting panges: the ſtintleſſe greefes: the teares:
The ſighes: the grones: the feares: the hopes: the hates:
The thoughts and cares, that kingly pompe impartes.
What follies then bewitch thambicious mindes,
That thirſt foꝛ Scepters pompe the well of woes:
Wherefof (alas) ſhould wretched man be pfonde,
Whoſe firſt conception is but Sinne, whoſe birth
But paine, whoſe life but toyle, and needes muſt dye?
See heere the ſtoꝛe of great Pendragons broode,
The toꝛne quite dead, the toꝛther haſtening on,
As men, the Sonne but greene, the Sire but ripe:
Yet both foꝛeſtalde ere halfe their race were run.
As Kinges, the mightieſt Monarches in this age,
Yet both ſuppreſt and vanquiſht by themſelues.
Such is the bꝛittle breath of moꝛtall man,
Whiles humane Nature woꝛkes her hayly wracke:
Such be the crazed creſts of glozious Crowines,
Whiles woꝛldly powers like lnoden puffes do paſſe.
And yet foꝛ one that goes, an other comes,

Some borne, some dead: So ſtill the ſtorie indures,
So that both Fates and common care prouide
That men muſt needes be borne, and ſome muſt rule.
Wherefore ye Peeres, and Lordings lift aloft,
And wholde'r in Thrones that iudge your thralls:
Let not your Soueraingty heaue you to hye,
Nor their ſubiection preſſe them downe too lowe.
It is not pride, that can augment your power,
Nor lowlie lookes, that long can keepe them ſafe:
The Fates haue found a way, wherby ere long
The proude muſt leaue their hope, the meeke their feare.
Who ere receau'd ſuch fauor from aboue,
That could aſſure one day vnto himſelfe?
Him, whom the Morning found both ſtout and ſtrong,
The Euening left all groueling on the ground.
This breath and heate wherewith mans life is fedde
Is but a flaſh, or flame, that ſhines a while,
And once extinct, is as it ne'r had bene.
Corruption hourely frets the bodies frame,
Youth tends to age, and age to death by kinde.
Short is the race, preſcribed is the end,
Swift is the tyme, wherein mans life doth run.
But by his deedes t'extend renowme and fame,
That onely vertue worketh, which neuer fades.

FINIS.

Thomas Hughes.

Sat cytò, ſi ſat benè: vtcunq;
Quod non dat ſpes, dat optio.

¶ Heere after followe ſuch *ſpeeches as were penned by others, and pronounced in ſtead of ſome of the former ſpeeches penned by* Thomas Hughes.

A ſpeach penned by William Fulbecke gentleman, one of the ſocietie of Grayes-Inne, and pronounced in ſtead of *Gorlois* his firſt ſpeeche penned by Thomas Hughes, and ſet downe in the firſt Scene of the firſt Acte.

A Lecto: thou that haſt excluded mee
From feeldes Elyſian, where the guiltleſſe ſoules
Avoide the ſcourge of Radamanthus Ire:
Let it be lawfull, (ſith I am remou'd
From bleſſed Ilands, to this curſed ſhoare,
This loathed earth where Arthurs table ſtandes,
With Ordure foule of Harpies fierce diſkeind,)
The fates and hidden ſecrets to diſcloſe
Of blacke Cocytus and of Acheron,
The floudes of death the lakes of burning ſoules,
Where helliſh frogges doe prophecie reuenge:
Where Tartars ſpyghts with carefull heede attende
The diſmall ſummons of Alectoes mouth.
My ſelfe by precept of Proſerpina,
Commaunded was in preſence to appeare,
Before the Senode of the damned ſpyghtes.
In fearefull mode I did perfoime their heſt,
And at my entrance in th'inchaunted ſnakes,
Which wrap themſelus about the furies neckes,
Did hiſſe for ioy: and from the dreadfull benthe
The ſupreme furie thus aſſignde her charge.
Gorlois quoth ſhe thou thither muſt aſcend.
Whence through the rancour of malicious foes
Mearyed with woundes thou didſt deſcend to vs.
Make Brytaine now the marke of thy reuenge
On ruthleſſe Brytaines and Pendragons race,
Diſburſe the treaſure of thy Helliſh plagues.
Let blood contend with blood, Father with Sonne,
Subiect with Prince, and let confuſion raigne.
She therewithall enioynde the duskie cloudes
Which with their darkeneſſe turnde the earth to Hell,
Conuert to blood and poure downe ſtreames of blood.
Cornewell ſhall groane, and Arthurs foule ſhall ſigh,
Before the conſcience of Guenuora
The map of hell ſhall hang and fiendes ſhall rage:
And Gorlois ghoſt exacting puniſhment,

With dreames, with horrors and with deadly traunce
Shall gripe their hearts: the vision of his corse
Shalbe to them, as was the terror vile
Of flaming whippes to Agamemnons sonne.
And when the Trumpet calles them from their rest
Aurora shall with watry cheekes behold
Their slaughtered bodies prostrate to her beames.
And on the banckes of Cambala shall lye
The bones of Arthur and of Arthurs knightes:
Whose feaste is now tryumphing on the seas.
But shall bee welcom'd with a Tragedie.
Thy native soyle shalbe thy fatall gulfe
Arthur: thy place of birth thy place of death.
Mordred shalbe the hammer of my hate
To beate the bones of Cornish Lordes to dust.
Ye rauening birdes vnder Celenoes power,
I doe adiure you in Alectoes name.
Follow the sworde of Mordred where he goes.
Follow the sworde of Mordred for your foode.
Aspyring Mordred, thou must also dye.
And on the Altar of Proserpina
Thy vitall blood vnto my Ghost shall fume.
Heauen, Earth, and hell, concurre to plague the man.
That is the plague of Heauen, Earth, and hell.
Thou bids Alecto: I pursue my charge.
Let thy Cerastæ whistle in mine eares,
And let the belles of Pluto ring reuenge.

¶ One other speeche penned *by the same gentleman, and pronounced in steade* of *Gorlois* his last speache penned by *Thomas* Hughes, and set downe in the second Scene of the fift and last Act.

Death hath his conquest: hell hath had his wish.
Gorlois his vow: Alecto her desire.
Sinne hath his pay: and blood is quit with blood.
Reuenge in Tryumphe beares the strugling hearts.
Now Gorlois pearce the craggie Rockes of hell.
Through chinches wherof infernall spirites do glaunce.
Returne this answere to the furies courte.
That Cornewell trembles with the thought of warre:
And Tamers flood with drooping pace doth flowe,

For

For feare of touching Camballs bloodie streame.
Brytaine remember, write it on thy walles,
Which neyther tyme nor tyrannie may race.
That Rebelles, Traytors and conspirators,
The semenarye of lewde Cateline,
The Bastard Coouie of Italian birdes,
Shall feele the flames of euer flaming fire.
Which are not quenched with a sea of teares.
And since in thee some glorious starre must shine.
When many yeares and ages are expirde
Whose beames shall cleare the mist of miscontent
And make the dampe of Plutoes pit retire.
Gorloi will neuer fray the Brytans moze.
For Brytaine then becomes an Angels land,
Both Diuels and spirites must yeilde to Angels power,
Unto the goddesse of the Angels land.
Haunt Brycaine haunt, of her renowmed raigne,
Whose face deterres the hagges of hell from thee:
Whose vertues holde the plagues of heauen from thee,
Whose presence makes the earth fruitfull to thee:
And with forelight of her thrice happie daies,
Brytaine I leaue thee to an enuiesse praise.

Besides these speaches there was also penned a Chorus for the first act, and an other for the second act, by Maister Frauncis Flower, which were pronounced accordingly. The dumbe showes were partly deuised by Maister Christopher Yeluerton, Maister Frauncis Bacon, Maister John Lancaster and others, partly by the saide Maister Flower, who with Maister Dentwodcke and the said Maister Lancaster directed these proceedings at Court.

(.)

The Misfortunes of Arthur.

The next page is a duplicate of B 4 recto showing the pasted on "Cancel" turned back so that the original and Cancelled lines are revealed.

If casting off these ruinous attempts,
You wounde take care howe to supplie the losse,
Which former warres, and forraine broyles haue wrought.
Howe to deserue the peoples hearts with peace,
With quiet rest, and deepe desired ease.
Not to increase the rage that long hath raigned,
Nor to destroy the realme, you seeke to rule.
Your Father rende it vp, you plucke it downe.
You loose your Countrey whiles you winne it thus:
To make it yours, you strue to make it none.
Where Kings impose too much, the commons rules:
The first Art in a Kingdome is, to seeme
MORD. The Emule of the Realme. He cannot rule,
That feares to be emulde. What can diuorce
Emule from Soueraignetie? Dust my desertes
No. Tis my happe that Britain feeles my warre,
That feare of me doth make the Subiects crouch,
That what they grudge, they do constrayned yeeld.
If their allowes be loude, my wrath is swift,
Whom fauour failes to bende, let furie breake.
If they be yet to learne, let terrour teach,
What Kings may doe, what Subiects ought to beare.
Then is a Kingdome at a wished staye,
When whatsoeuer the Soueraigne wills, or nilles,
Then be compelde as well to praise, as beare,
And Subiects willes inforc'd against their willes.
CONA. But who is seekes true praise, and not renowme,
Would rather seeke their prayling hearts, then tongues.
MORD. True praise may happen to the basest groome,
A forced prayse to none, but to a Prince.
I wish that most, that Subiects most repine.
CONA. But yet where warres doe threaten your estate,
There needeth friendes to fortifie your Crowne.
MORD. Eche Crowne is made of that attractiue moulde,
That of it selfe it drawes a full defence.
CONA. That is a fault, and no vnspred Crowne.
And better were an exiles life, then thus
Disloyally to wronge your Sire and Liedge.
Thinke not that impious crimes can prosper long,
A time they scape, in time they be repaide.
MORD. The hyest crimes bring best successe to some.
CONA. Those some be rare. MORD. Why may not I be rare?
CONA. It was their hap. MORD. It is my hope. CONA. But hope
May misse, where hap doth hurle. MORD So may hit,
Where hope doth aime. CONAN. But hap is last, and rules
The stearne. MORD. So hope is first, and hoists the saile.
CONA. Yet feare: the first and last doe fielde agree.
MORD. Nay dare: the first and last haue many meanes.
But ceale at length: your speach molests me much:
My minde is fixt. Giue Mordred leaue to doe,

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